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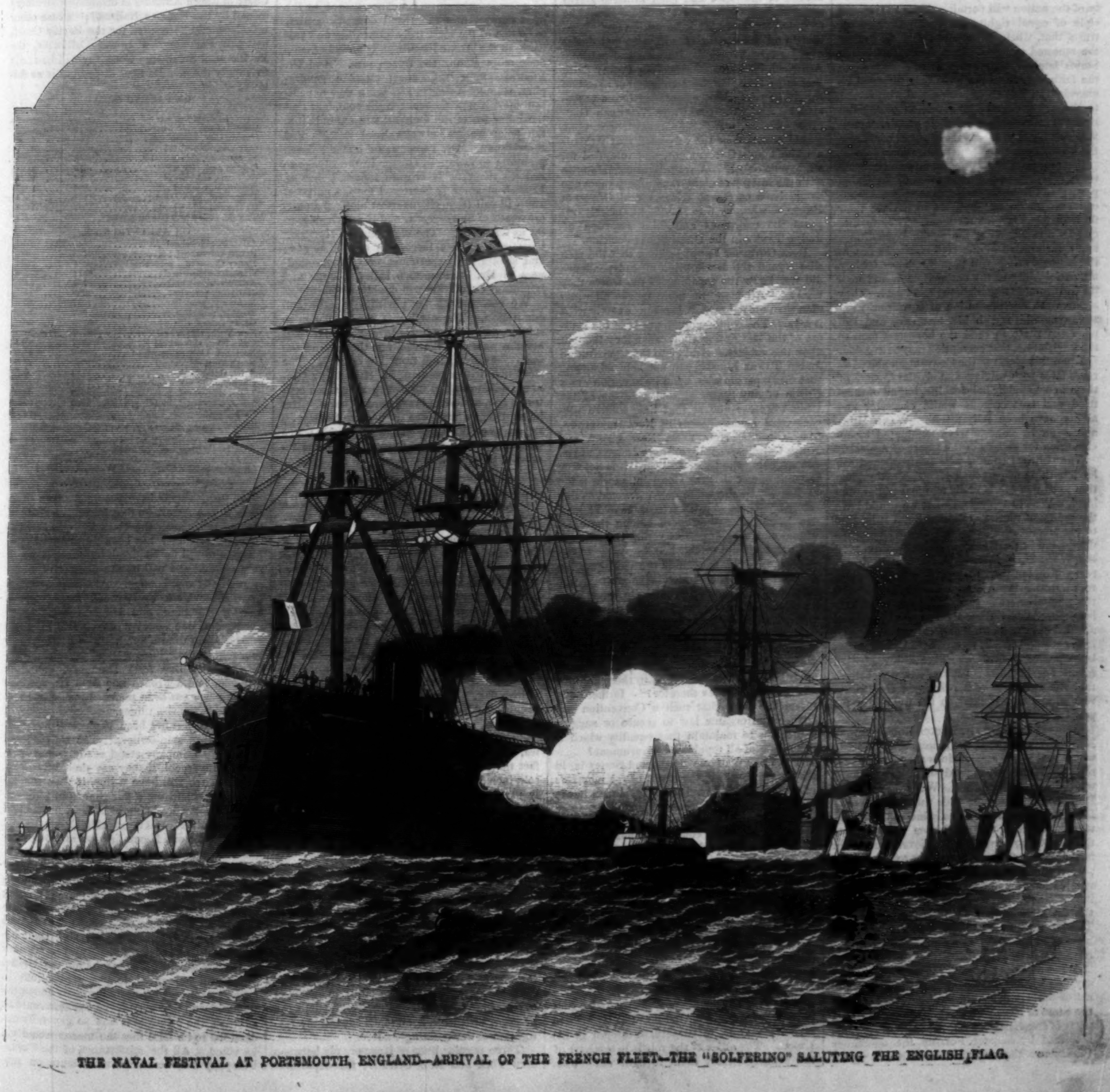
THE FRENCH NAVAL FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH.

Last week we printed an excellent engraving illustrating the international naval festival of the French and English fleets at Cherbourg. We give this week a picture illustrating the arrival of the French fleet at Portsmouth, England. This arrival was followed by a brilliant series of festivities commencing August 28, in which the Duke of Somerset, the French Minister of Marine, the local authorities of Brest, Cherbourg, and Portsmouth, and the officers and men of the rival and allied squadrons participated.

The three weeks consumed in this mutual interchange of naval courtesies probably gave neither of the two nations any new information in regard to the fleets of the other. It is said that the French ships are faster and less perfectly protected by armor, while the superiority in weight of ordnance rests with England. The English think that this balance of advantages is much in their favor. Says the *Saturday Review:* "Admiral Farragut sailed into the harbor of Mobile in a wooden ship, and some other American officers have expressed a doubt whether the advantage of armor-plating provides a compensation for its inevitable cumbrousness. If guns can be used at sea heavy enough to pierce any vessel which can float, it appears not impossible that the lightest and most fragile ships may ultimately prove to be the safest."

Now if we are not mistaken our navy has advantages both in respect of weight of ordnance and fleetness of vessels. M. Mars, who is no other than the Prince de Joinville, has contributed a paper on this subject to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, showing that America has taught foreign nations two lessons: First, that the armament of a ship of war with the heaviest guns is of more importance than defensive armor; and, secondly, that a system of coast protection by fleets of small Monitors and swarms of torpedoes might prove too formidable even for such ships as the *Solferino* or the *Warrior*. The *résumé* which he gives of the decisive naval events of the war goes some way to support his theories. When the *Merrimac* encountered the first Monitor, she was beaten by her smaller adversary simply because the Northern ship carried the heavier ordnance. The *Atlanta* was the next iron-clad ram which the Confederates produced, and she too was beaten by the *Weehawken*, a Monitor of half her size. The *Atlanta* carried 7-inch rifled guns, and was protected by four inches of iron inclined at an angle of about 30 degrees, backed by eighteen inches of wood. Her enemy was armed with 15-inch guns, and four shots sufficed to compel the *Atlanta* to strike her colors. The third ram, the *Albemarle*, which was built by the Confederates, served only to illustrate the second point on which M. Mars insists—the value of torpedoes, when used with skill and audacity. She lay moored up the Roanoke, and was blown out of the water by a torpedo coolly fixed and fired by a United States lieutenant and a boat's crew of half a dozen men.

The Prince de Joinville evidently deems the American system of naval warfare more formidable than the French. "We have nothing," he says, "equivalent to the American 15-inch gun." While the French field and siege guns are excellent, the Prince considers the French naval gun, which is intended to smash iron-plates, quite another thing. The American Monitors are invulnerable to the best guns carried by the *Magenta* or by any other French vessel, while the guns carried by the Monitors could smash the iron-plates of the best French vessel with perfect ease.



THE NAVAL FESTIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND—ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH FLEET—THE "SOLFERINO" SALUTING THE ENGLISH FLAG.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

THE Convention of the Union party at Syracuse was singularly harmonious. It had no "proud record" to expunge, no shameful words or deeds to forget, no professions of an entirely new faith to make. Always true to the Union and Government, it had but to congratulate itself upon their triumph. Always faithful to the equal rights of man, it had but to rejoice at the great fact of emancipation. Not having steadily insulted the soldiers who have saved the country, it had only to renew the expression of its gratitude; and having elected **ANDREW JOHNSON** in full confidence of his devoted patriotism, it had not to express that confidence with lips still foaming with the foulest abuse of him. Always careful of the national honor, it had but to repeat that the debt is a sacred obligation upon all the property and resources of the country; and as all its ranks are full of men of tried and perfect loyalty, it had no occasion to snatch its candidates from those who had scornfully repudiated its principles and policy.

The Convention met at noon and dissolved before midnight, having done its good work. The resolutions are plain and satisfactory. They congratulate the State upon the return of peace, and thank the soldiers and sailors, calling upon the Government to provide for the support of the disabled. They offer to the President a cordial and effective support. They approve his sentiments of kindness and confidence toward the late rebels; and hope that the people of the disaffected States may be intrusted with political power so soon as the safety of the nation will permit. True to its principle of equal rights, the Union Convention trusts that, when the public safety will allow the renewed exercise of political rights in the States lately rebellious, it will be granted in the faith and upon the basis that they will be exercised in a spirit of justice, and with a view to the elevation and perpetuation of the full rights of citizenship of all their people, "inasmuch as these are principles which constitute the basis of our republican institutions."

There is no taint of treason, no smell of State sovereignty, upon the clean robes of the Union party; and this vast body of the truest American citizens do not hesitate to declare their faith in fair play for all men. They further call for a reduction of the public expenditure, and a restoration of the civil courts as fast as the national safety will permit. They declare the inviolability of the national debt, and with the Government repudiate the rebel debt. They approve the administration of Governor **FENTON**, sympathize with Mr. **SEWARD**, and call upon the State to send the honestest men to the Legislature, that corruption may be avoided.

Upon this platform the Convention placed as candidates both soldiers and civilians, some of them new to public political life, but all of them tried and true citizens whose character and ability have been fully tested. **WARD HUNT** and **JOHN K. PORTER** were nominated by acclamation for Judges of the Court of Appeals.

The political contest now fairly opened can have nothing of personality. The main question to be decided is really national rather than local. We are to declare what we would have the policy of reorganization. Shall it be that of the Democratic party, which surrenders the disaffected States wholly into the hands of men like **WADE HAMPTON** and **HERSCHELL V. JOHNSON**; or that of the Union party, which declines to surrender the control of those States until the public safety is secured? Do we wish to have the Albany Regency and the New York *Daily News* do the work of pacification; or shall it be accomplished by those whose Unionism has been proved by fire, who have never excused rebels nor justified rebellion, and who believe that the existence of a privileged class is not republican, and is fatal to the welfare of the people.

General **SLOCUM**, Mr. **LUCIUS ROBINSON**, and Mr. **MARTIN GROVER**, are nominated by a party whose real views and feelings they do not represent. What has General **SLOCUM** in common with **JOHN A. GREEN**? What has **LUCIUS ROBINSON** in common with the *Daily News?* Have **GREEN** and the *News* come to these gentlemen, or have the gentlemen gone over to them? Of course nobody believes that either is the case. The party wishes to come into power, and it does not care by what means. Its nomination of men who do not sympathize with its tendencies is merely a cunning tribute to the intelligence and patriotism of the State. The Democratic party knows it could have no hope of success but by wearing a mask; and it chooses one of patriotic features.

What title has this party—identified with every disgraceful and unpatriotic sentiment and act of the last five years—to the confidence of the State of New York against the great Union party of steadfastly loyal men so admirably characterized by Senator **FOLGER**, the temporary Chairman of the Syracuse Convention, as "great and powerful—not by the accident of a day nor by the chance result of a single political combination, but by years of adherence to plainly promulgated principle; by persistent patriotic adherence to the country's cause in the time of the country's extremity; by steadfast faith in the cardinal principles of American nationality, impartial rights protected by impartial justice, administered under impartial laws flowing from impartial representation based upon impartial suffrage?"

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

THE South Carolina Convention was opened by a Message from Provisional Governor **PERRY**, which has been printed in full in most of the daily papers, and has undoubtedly been widely read and pondered. Does any thoughtful man, who earnestly desires the pacification of the country, believe that the spirit of that Message promises well for such a result? We are all exhorted to conciliation. Is Governor **PERRY'S** Message conciliatory? He asserts, indeed, some prodigious truths. He summons the Convention to recognize that slavery in South Carolina is dead. The shade of **CALHOUN** must have sneered with indignant incredulity. Moreover, Governor **PERRY** says that, until an organic law of South Carolina prohibits slavery forever, South Carolina can not hope to resume her place in the Union. We can imagine the expressive silence of the Convention as these words were read.

But from such a positive statement of the actual situation at the outset what might naturally have been expected of the rest of the Message? Might we not have looked for a sincere and conciliatory recommendation that the Convention should accept the situation? Was it too much to expect that the Governor would suggest that, as more than half the population of the State had been hitherto slaves and were now freemen, every means should be provided for their speedy education and elevation to all the equal rights of men and duties of citizens? Would a wise man and patriotic American insinuate, as Governor **PERRY** does, that more than half the population of the State should be permanently degraded into a pariah class? And how could any American Governor venture, under the circumstances, upon a bold assertion of the falsehood that "this is a white man's Government, and intended for white men only?" A very slight acquaintance with the history of eighty and ninety years ago would have corrected this error of Governor **PERRY'S**, who, in this statement, merely repeats the enormous and false assertion of Judge **TANEY** in the **DRED SCOTT** decision.

Does Governor **PERRY** suppose that the men who signed the Declaration of Independence did not know the meaning of the words they used? "All men" no more means all white men than all red men. It means exactly what it says. The contemporary words of the leaders of the Revolution show what they thought upon this subject. And as to the Constitution Judge **TANEY** himself can not help admitting that every person who, upon its adoption was a citizen of any State, became a citizen of the United States; and at that time colored persons were equal citizens in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina. "If so," says Judge **CURTIS**, controverting the Chief Justice, "it is not true in point of fact that the Constitution was made exclusively by the white race.........and as free colored persons were then citizens of at least five States.........they were among those for whom and whose posterity the Constitution was ordained and established."

Indeed, so far as regards the vital question now at issue in the country—the status of the colored part of the population—Governor **PERRY'S** Message merely echoes the spirit of the **DRED SCOTT** opinion of Judge **TANEY**. Can it be expected that a Convention, acting in that spirit, can offer to the Congress of the United States "such a republican form of government as will entitle South Carolina to the guarantee of the United States therefor?" Is there any reasonable hope that such a Convention will change the organic law to secure or suggest legislation to maintain that equality which is the spring of all republican government?

The welfare of the disaffected States is, in the first instance, in the hands of the members of these Conventions. Every loyal man in the land sincerely wishes that their action may be such as to reveal a disposition which may be safely trusted by the country. Those who have doubted whether such would be the result, have yet patiently awaited the meeting and action of the Conventions, and will patiently wait to the end. But the earnest mind of the country must be even now asking the question whether the action of these bodies thus far is such as to prove that the States may be safely left to the domination of the class which alone appears in the Conventions.

The responsibility is theirs, not ours. **WADE HAMPTON**, a delegate to this South Carolina Convention, has openly advised the late rebels to remain in the State, and do what they can to save it; that is, to perpetuate discord in the Union. The allies of the rebels in this part of the country exhort them to fight out "what remains of the contest." So be it. The choice is theirs. But if they choose to fight it out, do they suppose we shall not? If they could not beat us in the field, do they suppose we shall suffer them to outwit us in council? Do they suppose that we do not mean to finish our work? Do they suppose that the people of the United States, having won peace by a costly war, do not mean to secure peace?

If they will help us, if they will work with us, if they will honestly accept the situation, we shall gladly secure it together. If they will not, we shall still secure it. We ask for no injustice to any man, white or black. We ask only for equal justice for all men, since it is demonstrated that the Union can stand on no other foundation.

TRY AGAIN.

IT is pleasant to see how cheerfully Captain **ANDERSON** writes, and Mr. **FIELD** talks, and the Company resolves upon the subject of the new Atlantic Cable next year. Ocean cables cost money. If the good public will only raise one or two millions of dollars more they shall have their cable. A new one can hardly be made for less than half a million of pounds. But for that the proposition is to depend upon the profits of a success in laying it. A million or so only is needed for current expenses. We can not help feeling in the matter of the cable as we do about the Hoosic Tunnel, that it will be "put through." If not by this Company and this route, then by others, the work will surely be done.

The same spirit animates the Arctic explorers. It stimulated the exploration of the Nile until its sources were discovered; and no failure, no eternal ice, no fate of **FRANKLIN** or **KANE** can dishearten the genius of Arctic discovery. Captain **HALL**, whose book, published a few months since, is acknowledged, by the most competent foreign and domestic critics, to be one of the most truly interesting and valuable in the Arctic literature, is already far up once more among the frozen seas. And Dr. **PETERMANN**, a well-known German geographer, is endeavoring to arrange a new expedition upon a new theory. He is confident that the influence of the Gulf Stream extends into the polar waters between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen. Dr. **PETERMANN** offers a large premium to sailors to engage in the voyage to test his theory. It is even reported that an English steamer is chartered for the purpose, and will sail from Hammerfest along the eastern shore of Spitzbergen, and if practicable, as far as Gillisland. The merchants of Hamburg have subscribed a large part of the money; and should the experiment prove the soundness of Dr. **PETERMANN'S** belief, a large and important expedition will doubtless follow.

We record such facts with sympathy and admiration. The earth was given to man to subdue, and neither tropic heat, nor polar cold, nor the waves of the sea, nor the sand of the desert, can deter him from his destiny. The stout old British seaman, Sir **HUMPHREY GILBERT**, sailed away to the North Pole three centuries ago, and was never heard of more. But he said that a man was as near to heaven on the sea as on the land. That is the spirit which ennobles human nature, and solves all the secrets of the globe.

REVIVAL OF OUR MERCHANT NAVY.

WHEN the war ended the merchant navy of the United States had been so reduced that it might almost have been said to have been crushed out. Of fifteen lines of seagoing steamers sailing out of New York before the war only three survived: the line to Aspinwall, the line to Portland, Maine, and a feeble line to Havana. Our sailing vessels had been diminished to a mere fraction of the tonnage afloat before the war; in the years 1861, '2, '3, and '4, some 800 American vessels had been transferred to the British flag. The carrying trade between this country and Europe was wholly in the hands of foreigners, and the trade between this country and China, and this country and South America, very nearly so. Had it not been for the fact that the Government took some 250 vessels, including nearly all the steamers previously used in our coasting-trade, the war would have ruined the shipping merchants of the country.

With the first dawn of peace individual enterprise began the work of rebuilding our commercial marine. There were still Confederate soldiers in the field when steamers were advertised to leave for Charleston; passenger and freight lines were organized to sail to several rebel ports before the Treasury Department had taken the first step toward relaxing the restrictions upon commerce with the insurgent States. Five months have now elapsed since the war came to an end. For nearly a fortnight trade with the States lately in rebellion has been free. It is instructive to note the progress which has been made toward the restoration of our coasting-trade.

Three regular lines of steamers ply between New York and New Orleans; the departures average three a week. Three lines run between New York and Savannah, giving an average of a steamer a day. Only one regular line is advertised to ply between New York and Charleston, but there is a line from Philadelphia, and extra steamers will bring up the average departures from the North to four a week. There are two lines of steamers to Wilmington, two to Norfolk, and one—besides several occasional steamers—to Richmond, Virginia. A new line is advertised to sail to Mobile once a week. To Portland, Maine, there is a steamer almost every day. For Havana three regular lines are advertised, insuring two steamers a week. One of these lines runs on to Vera Cruz twice a month. The United States and Brazil Mail Steamship Company advertise that they will dispatch a monthly steamer for Rio Janeiro, touching at intermediate ports. Boston is establishing a line to New Orleans, another to Havana, and a third to Mobile. Altogether, it may safely be said that the coast service on the Atlantic is as active and as well performed as it was before the war.

To California we have two steamers a month, as we had during, and occasionally before, the war. But the steamship line on the Atlantic has within a few days passed into the hands of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; and it is well understood that within a short time three if not four steamers will be dispatched monthly from New York to Aspinwall. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has increased its capital from four to eight millions, and is now, after the Cunard Company, the greatest steamship corporation in the world. It proposes to run three or four steamers a month from New York to Aspinwall; a like number from Panama to San Francisco; one steamer a month from San Francisco to British Columbia; and one from San Francisco to Shanghai in China. The local trade of the towns on the Pacific Coast of South America is drained by steamers owned by the Panama Railroad; in case other vessels should be needed for the Pacific Coast, between Panama and Lower California, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will be ready to supply them. Its fleet at present is as follows:

ON PACIFIC OCEAN.

Names of Steamers.	Registered Tonnage.	Carpenter's Measurement.
Constitution, side-wheel	3375	4500
Golden City, side-wheel	3590	4787
Colorado, side-wheel	3648	4864
Sacramento, side-wheel	2683	3576
Golden Age, side-wheel	1870	2510
St. Louis, side-wheel	1772	2068
Sonora, side-wheel	1754	2047
Uncle Sam, side-wheel	1434	1912
California, side-wheel	1057	1410
Taboga, side-wheel (steam tender)	300	400
ON ATLANTIC SIDE.		
Atlantic, side-wheel	2845	3793
Baltic, side-wheel	2723	3631
Henry Chauncey, side-wheel	2657	3543
Montana, side-wheel	2677	3570
Arizona, side-wheel	2794	3725
Mariposa, propeller	1089	1451
Monterey, propeller	1037	1403
Senator, propeller	800	1067
Ocean Queen, side-wheel	2715	3620
New York, side-wheel	2117	2823
Costa Rica, side-wheel	1917	2557
Northern Light, side-wheel	2056	2742
North Star, side-wheel	1867	2490
Ariel, side-wheel	1736	2315
Champion (iron), side-wheel	1452	1936
*——, side-wheel, building, about	4000	5300
*——, side-wheel, building, about	4000	5300

* For China.

RECAPITULATION.

	Total Registered.	Total Measurement.
15 Atlantic Steamers	30,482	40,666
10 Pacific Steamers	20.483	28.074
2 China Steamers	8,000	10,667
Tonnage	58,965	79,407

No serious steps have yet been taken to restore to the American flag its proper share of the traffic between the United States and Europe. A steamer has been advertised by the **LEARYS** to sail for England, but there is no assurance that she will be the pioneer of a substantial and regular line. About six steamers leave New York every week for Liverpool, London, Bremen, and Hamburg—giving an average of one vessel a day. But all these vessels are owned abroad. The English have four regular lines, besides transient ships; there is a regular line from Hamburg, one from Bremen, and a French line from Havre. No attempt has yet been made to resuscitate any of the old American lines.

The field has not been neglected, however, by American ship-owners. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company stand ready to put on a line to Liverpool, if they see their way clear. The **LEARYS** will have a line, if they can secure vessels and see a fair chance of business. Two steamers are being built for a Boston and Liverpool line. And the stockholders in the old Southampton and Havre line are anxious to re-establish it on a new basis. All these parties are, however, looking to Congress for aid in the shape of a subvention for carrying the mails, and until they become convinced that there is nothing to be derived from this source, it will be futile to expect them to do what they might toward regaining our share of the carrying trade between the United States and Europe. Sooner or later they will understand that the United States can not afford to pay subventions to ocean steamships for carrying mails across the Atlantic, and that even if the expense could be afforded, the principle is now so generally understood to be false that the money would not be voted. All the misfortunes of the Collins Company may be traced to reliance on subsidies from Government, and to the wastefulness and corruption which they involved. If our ship-owners can not compete with Cunard and Inman without help from the United States Government, the carrying trade had better be abandoned to the British. But as soon as the fatal notion of Government aid is eradicated from their minds, we rely on seeing one or more American steamship lines to Liverpool, which will do credit to the country.

Let no man despair of our regaining our supremacy on the sea. The demand for steamships is more active than it ever was. As a general rule, Government is selling its battered old transports and steamers at far better prices than was expected; in some cases the vessels sell for more than Government paid for them. Ship-builders are busy in every direction—though the high rates of wages operate to their disadvantage; the chances are that more ocean steamers will be launched in 1866 than in any previous year in our history.

MOSES AND JOHN TYLER.

Many of the Democratic managers are making the most elaborate efforts to allure the President from the party which elected him, which has steadily supported him, and which has shown its undiminished unity and power in the Autumn elections. They hope to accomplish this result by approving what they suppose to be his policy, absolutely and without criticism. Unluckily for the ingenious operators, they forget that the approval of the President by the Democratic Conventions elsewhere than in New York has been very conditional, and by no means of that hearty and wholesale character which is desirable for the success of the plot.

Why the President should suppose that the party which carried on the war, and which is unbroken, should be unable to complete its work the Democratic doctors do not say. Why Andrew Johnson should imagine that the builders of the Chicago platform share his earnest convictions upon the questions arising from the war, in which he was so conspicuous a figure, and was so heartily denounced by those architects, they also fail to inform us. And why a sensible President of the United States, with his eyes open, should be expected deliberately to walk into the position which John Tyler alone occupies in the history of the United States, they also discreetly refrain from saying. John Tyler was a Whig who ratted to the Democrats upon becoming President, and was as much respected by them as by those he deserted. What public career in this country was more pitiable than his? What other public man's name has passed into a word expressing so weak and abortive an act? John Tyler "tylerized" to secure a second term. He lost the second term, and gained universal derision. Mr. Johnson is not an old man, but he is quite old enough to remember vividly the public career of John Tyler.

The alliance which the Democratic party contemplates is with their ancient friends in the late rebel States. They were formerly also the political friends of the President. But he parted with them in the winter of 1860-61. He expressed his views of what their fate should be both in the Senate at that time and in the White House in the spring of 1865. He now says to them that if they will abolish slavery they may present amended State Constitutions for the consideration of Congress. But if Congress objects to any of them because of their not being truly republican and as holding the seeds of infinite future trouble, do the Democratic doctors suppose that the President is going with Wade Hampton and Horatio Seymour against Congress and the great body of loyal citizens who carried the war through to the end, and who stand together to secure the results of the war? Even if, as some Democratic organs openly stated before beginning to praise him, the President is anxious for a second term, is he likely to see his way to it more clearly under the auspices of the residuary legatees of the Chicago platform and of the Rebellion than under those of the great national party with which he has fought the good fight, and is still fighting it?

Andrew Johnson told the colored men of Tennessee that he would be their Moses. Events have made him the Moses of the whole country. We doubt if he will desert that part for the rôle of John Tyler.

RATS.

Now that the State Conventions are over it is time to think of the city government, and to consider who shall be Mayor. Perhaps we have had enough of Mayor Gunther. Possibly the city has made up its mind not to have the taxes steadily increase without the least benefit to any body but corrupt agents. But whether it has or not, the honest men of New York, and they are more than ten, ought to select an honest, competent candidate to vote for, and he, being found, ought to consent to stand.

Nothing seems to be clearer than that if you plant thistles you will not reap wheat. And if you make dishonest or weak men governors you will have a corrupt or feeble government. If there were any doubt of this rather evident truth the recent civic history of New York would supply the proof. The city is a by-word and a wonder to the country. Why not give the country a surprise by electing an able, honorable, and efficient citizen for Mayor?

If there were a New Yorker of the highest character, of proved executive ability, of conspicuous and honorable patriotism, of much and varied experience in public affairs, of great personal popularity, and acceptable to honest men of all parties, ought he not to be nominated for Mayor, and hold it a sacred duty to accept the nomination? And if there are many such, ought not each one of them to be willing to make the sacrifice?

It is folly to say that a decent man can not be elected. The result of such an experiment as we suggest could not be foretold. It must be tried. A mere party nomination, or that of a good-natured nobody does not put us to the proof. Such a nomination makes every voter listless, and the election goes by default. Nobody in London supposed John Stuart Mill could be elected to Parliament from Westminster. But the consequence of nominating such a man was to rouse every voter, to awaken the district thoroughly, and Mr. Mill was elected.

Even if you are defeated it is a great satisfaction to vote for an honorable and worthy candidate. That alone is a kind of success, for a vote for positive character and ability is a protest against baseness.

This is a question in which the poorest citizen has a vital interest. He may not pay taxes directly, but he does indirectly. High taxes enhance rents and prices. Corruption at the City Hall makes bread and meat dearer to every consumer. In a city like New York economy and honesty in public expenditure cheapen the cost of living to every citizen. The rats in the City Hall eat in every body's larder. Let us clear them out.

FROM MEMPHIS.

A gentleman who has peculiar advantages for knowing what he asserts, writes us from Memphis describing the feeling in that city. What he says is interesting, because it confirms the almost universal testimony:

> "The rebellious spirit of the people here is as bitter and strong as it has been at any time during the last five years. What I hear and see leads me to believe that slavery even and the rebel debt are not entirely given up. Hints are thrown out here and there that the rebel money may be worth more some day than at present. I have talked with many officers here, and their opinion is, that if the troops were withdrawn now, in two weeks a Northern man could not live here with any degree of safety.
>
> "I believe if the rebel States were allowed in the next Congress full representation that, united with the Copperhead party of the North, they would repudiate the national debt. Maybe I am wrong; but if I were a representative from the South I should not feel like voting taxes to pay an army for putting me down.
>
> "The disposition of the people here is to make heroes of those who fought and fell in the rebel ranks. Only last Sabbath one Rev. —— Rogers, Rector of the St. Lazarus Episcopal Church, delivered a discourse in 'honor of the Confederate dead.' This Rogers proposes to build in Memphis a cathedral which 'shall hand down to an admiring posterity' the names of the 'heroes who fell in a noble cause.' Three thousand five hundred dollars were pledged in two days for this cathedral.
>
> "Does it not stand us in hand to teach these men what treason is, and the punishment due traitors?
>
> "It is common talk among officers here that the war ended *too soon*. We expect to *fight it again* if too lenient a policy is adopted by Congress in dealing with unrepentant and still proud and haughty rebels.
>
> "I sincerely hope you will continue to advocate the principles you have so manfully defended, and can assure you of the heart-felt gratitude of every true soldier in our army."

CAN IT BE TRUE?

The following is the lofty view of the situation taken by General Morgan, Vallandigham's candidate for Governor of Ohio, in his speech to the Convention that nominated him. General Morgan would have saved *Mrs. Grundy:*

> "Can it be true that the people of Ohio desire the extermination of our countrymen of the South, and that the black man's home shall be built upon the white man's grave? Forbid it, Heaven! And in the name of our country, in the name of civil liberty, in the name of all we hold most dear on earth, invoke the spirits of the mighty dead—of Washington and Adams, of Franklin and of Jefferson, of Hamilton and of Madison—against the horrid profanation against humanity, against the Constitution, against the divine spirit of Christianity itself."

TO BE CALLED FOR, WHEN WANTED.

A Democratic paper in Wisconsin says, with exquisite humor: "The great Democratic party of the country stands ready to continue that service which it has so faithfully rendered in the past."

A VIRTUOUS *IF*.

A Western Democratic editor asks, as if his conscience pricked him, "And *if*, through the war, the great Democratic party of the country never failed of performing its duty, it is as ready to perform its whole duty now."

☞ Mr. Stephen Massett (Jeems Pipes of Pipesville) has been giving his serio-comic lecture through the State of New York most successfully. He is now on his way to Chicago, thence to Minnesota. The Press throughout the country speak very highly of his entertainment.

HALTING.

Sir, you speak wisely; I admit
  That Peace is blessed, that War is awful;
And that (if we nobly compass it)
  The gain of Commerce is fair and lawful.
I grant that sickles and pruning-hooks
  Are better than swords or battle-axes;
That wine and honey, and Art and books,
  Fail of the sting of debts and taxes.

But still if (now mark me) it shall chance
  That we have trafficked our splendid Anger
For only a lean inheritance
  Of outward lushness and inward languor—
Why, then, I say that I think 'twere well
  If the shock of our armies were not over:
For the Lord made Men to conquer Hell,
  And not to fatten, like kine, in clover.

If the Thrift you speak of, the Peace you laud,
  The tripled gains you count in your pocket—
Clear dawning on us the Truth of God,
  Strike dumb the jeering lips that mock it—
If they roll the stones from the living tombs
  In which the brothers of Christ are trampled,
And crown their centuried martyrdoms
  With such true crowning as He exampled·

If your loud pæans o'er shotless guns
  Mean also Glory unto the Father,
So that wherever our border runs
  Justice and Mercy may run together;
Why, then, I answer that every song
  You sing to the sweet Peace brooding o'er us,
Cleaving the ether, shall bear along
  The added burden of my weak chorus.

Than this, no further: I am afeared.
  I see an Infinite Splendor waiting;
I see an Infinite Terror reared—
  I see a People hesitating
Between a narrowing shibboleth,
  And a cry that climbs to the sapphire portals;
Between low pacts that are crammed with death,
  And a covenant with the Immortals.

For God's dread tongues of terrible fire,
  Eating the blackness that plucked our vitals,
And cast us prone in the hungry mire,
  A-choke with agony—what requitals?
Behold! in lowliest human guise
  The Master standeth—the hour is going;
We look with straight, incredulous eyes:
  Our false lips move—and the cock is crowing.

Certes, our creditors need their dues;
  But also the Heavens will have just payment:
If they arraign us, I think we lose
  All—and not merely food and raiment.
It hurts (does it not?) when the flaming knives
  Of a mad assassin hew and stab us?
Well—when the Messenger arrives,
  Shall we send the Nazarene—or Barabbas?

Richard Realf.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE "ALGONQUIN" AND "WINOOSKI."

At ten o'clock a.m. on Friday, September 23, the trial of the double-enders *Algonquin* and *Winooski* began. The vessels were to light fires at the same time, and after five hours' preliminary trial the fires were to be drawn and new fires to commence, and an accurate account by weight was to be kept of the fuel consumed during the trial, which was to continue 96 hours. 1600 pounds of coal were to be given to the *Winooski* per hour and the same amount weighed out for the *Algonquin*, and both vessels were to make 15 revolutions per minute on the average. If the *Algonquin* could during the trial average the same number of revolutions as the *Winooski*, and with a less amount of coal, then what she left on the wharf was to be weighed, and would be the measure of her superior economy. If more coal was needed to keep up 15 revolutions per minute then it should be given.

At the commencement of the preliminary trial the *Algonquin* had the advantage by 23 degrees of temperature in the water in her boilers. The *Winooski* began by putting on 1110 pounds of pine wood under 1600 pounds of coal; the *Algonquin* with the same amount of wood, but 2000 pounds of coal. By 11.14 the *Algonquin* began to "revolve" with a steam pressure of 43 pounds, having already had in her furnaces 4000 pounds of coal. It was not till noon that the *Winooski* began to make steam, though she had expended 6500 pounds of coal—2500 more than the *Algonquin*. She began to "revolve" at 12.38 with a steam pressure of 20 pounds. At one o'clock the *Algonquin* was making 14 revolutions and the *Winooski* 12. At 2.50 the *Algonquin* made 12½ revolutions with pressure of 46 pounds and a consumption per hour of 1300 pounds of coal. The *Winooski* made 17 revolutions; steam 24 pounds; consumption of coal 1100 pounds per hour. The five hours' trial was closed at 4 p.m.

In another hour the 96 hours' trial commenced. Up to Saturday night the *Winooski* was 1050 revolutions ahead. At 4 o'clock p.m. on Sunday the *Algonquin* was 140 revolutions ahead, and was gaining 1½ revolution per minute, besides having saved nearly 2 tons of the amount of coal allowed. At 8.30 p.m. the *Winooski* was rapidly gaining.

At 11 p.m. on Sunday the *Algonquin's* feed-pipe failed, owing, Mr. Dickerson says, to the too sudden closing of the check valves on the boiler. When this occurred the *Algonquin* had to her credit 2536 pounds of coal. Mr. Dickerson claims that the result up to this point was in favor of his vessel. But in estimating the result we must consider that allowing for the weight of coal in the furnaces—those of the *Winooski* being 58 square feet larger than the *Algonquin's*—the *Algonquin* had really consumed only 989 pounds less than the *Winooski*, while the latter had made 337 revolutions more than the former, and was gaining. These 337 revolutions—allowing 14¼ revolutions per minute, which was the average number made by the *Winooski*—represent in time 23 minutes and 50 seconds; while the amount of coal saved in favor of the *Algonquin*—she having averaged a consumption of 1584 pounds per hour—represent 37 minutes and 31 seconds. That is, the *Algonquin* had an advantage which, represented in time, amounts to 14 minutes and 41 seconds. The vessels had been running 54 hours, and the *Algonquin's* advantage distributed over this time would be $\frac{6}{22}$ or less than ⅓ of a second per minute. But the chief consideration involved in the estimate is that the *Algonquin* gained this insignificant advantage by sacrificing her machinery, while the *Winooski* would probably have been able to more than balance the account against her, without the slightest risk. It is fortunate that the injury to the *Algonquin* occurred in her feed-pipe, and did not, as was apprehended, take the form of an explosion.

In a letter published September 27 Mr. Dickerson claims that instead of the *Winooski* being ahead 337 revolutions, the *Algonquin* was ahead 92, when the latter broke down. In that case the *Winooski's* claim was false, and the *Algonquin* had an advantage of nearly three quarters of an hour, or, when distributed over 54 hours, of nearly one second per minute.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

The Union State Convention met at Syracuse September 20. There was no evidence of factious disorganization apparent, as the *World* hoped there might be. Mr. Charles J. Folger was chosen temporary Chairman. Before taking his seat he made a speech in which he said that the Union party was not a party of words but of deeds and ideas. He contrasted the course of that party with the course of the Democratic party. Chauncey M. Depew was then made President of the Convention. He also made a speech very similar in its general tenor to that of Folger.

General Francis Barlow was chosen as candidate for Secretary of State; Thomas H. Hillhouse for Controller; Colonel Howland for Treasurer; General J. H. Martindale for Attorney-General; Mr. J. P. Goodsell for State Engineer and Surveyor; General Barnum for Inspector of State Prisons; and Henry Jones for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

The resolutions adopted were such as would be assented to by every true Unionist in the State. No distinct assertion was made of the policy of negro suffrage. President Johnson's policy was heartily indorsed.

THE ALABAMA CONVENTION.

The Alabama Convention has authorized the Provisional Governor to order an election for Members of Congress, to take place on the first Monday in November. The Convention has passed an ordinance declaring the ordinance of secession null and void. The Mississippi Convention has done the same; but that of South Carolina thought it necessary to *repeal* the secession ordinance. The Alabama Convention has also passed an ordinance recognizing the death of slavery. Another ordinance permits negroes to hold property and to testify in courts.

NEWS ITEMS.

By a whaling vessel arrived at New London from the Arctic Ocean, the *Journal of Commerce* has advices from Captain C. H. Hall, the explorer, who left the United States in 1864, under the patronage of Henry Grinnell, Esq., of this city. Mr. Hall's letters were expressed 150 miles over the ice by dog-sledges to reach the open sea. He writes in good spirits, having obtained much valuable information in regard to the Franklin Expedition. Mr. Hall expects to spend most of his time in King William's Land and on Boothie Felix Peninsula, and desires that a vessel should be sent in the spring of 1867 to bring him home. Three years spent as proposed in the huts of the Esquimaux, with good native interpreters who accompany Mr. Hall in his wanderings, ought to be sufficient to clear up all mystery respecting the lost navigator. Mr. Hall's letter is dated Snow House, on the Coast Line of Roe's Welcome, lat. 64° 46′ N., lon. 87° 29′ W.

M. de Azainbugh, the new Brazilian Minister, was presented to President Johnson September 23, when the usual diplomatic addresses were exchanged.

A letter written by President Lincoln to the family of General Walbridge, after the latter's decease, has been published. In this letter President Lincoln declared his intention to make negro suffrage in the South a condition precedent to universal amnesty.

The casualties in the campaign of General Grant's army from May 5 to November 1, 1864, were 88,387, of which 10,592 were killed, 53,957 were wounded, and 23,858 were missing. During the first week of the campaign in the battles of the Wilderness the casualties were 29,410; at Spottsylvania, including the time from May 12 to May 21, the casualties were 10,389; at Cold Harbor, from June 1 to June 10, the casualties were 13,153.

In the Atlanta campaign General Sherman lost 37,199 men. Against a total of missing of 23,000, the Army of the Potomac has a set-off of 15,370 prisoners, captured from the enemy. Of guns, the same army lost 25 and captured 32. The Grand Army of the Mississippi captured and received an aggregate of 12,983 prisoners and deserters during the active operations ending with the fall of Atlanta, of whom 25 per cent. came voluntarily into our lines. Of guns, 26 were taken and 16 lost by General Sherman's army. From May 1 to the middle of September, no less than 52,217 of General Sherman's soldiers, besides the wounded, were medically treated, of which aggregate the remarkably small number of only 420 died from various diseases. Of artillery ammunition the Armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Ohio expended together 149,670 rounds; of small-arms ammunition 22,137,132 rounds.

In the council at Fort Smith, Arkansas, seventy-five loyal and seventy-four disloyal Indian delegates, not including the Chiefs, had signed the treaty of peace with the Government Commissioners up to September 21. The Choctaws and Chickasaws signed it September 21, and the council was finally closed.

Joseph R. Anderson, of the Tredegar Iron Works, at Richmond, has been pardoned by the President.

It is stated that the iron-clad *Monadnoc*, the steamer *Vanderbilt*, and the screw-steamer *Tuscarora*, will leave the North on the 1st of October for the Pacific. They are to be attached to the squadron on that coast. These vessels will be accompanied to their destination by Commodore John Rodgers.

On the 16th of September, General P. G. T. Beauregard, under whose command the first shot of the war was fired across the bows of the *Star of the West*, took the oath of allegiance preparatory to making application for a pardon.

General Wirz's health is so precarious that it is considered doubtful whether he will survive his trial. The evidence for the prosecution is all in.

Reports have been received from General Connor that he attacked and defeated a large force of Arrapahoes near Big Horn on the 28th of August, capturing five hundred head of cattle and a large amount of plunder. We lost a number killed and wounded, among them several officers. Intelligence to the 21st of September has been received from Colonel Cole, commanding the right column of General Connor's expedition against the hostile Indians of the Northwest. His troops had engagements on the 1st, 3d, 4th, and 8th of September, on Powder River, with a large force, estimated at over three thousand, of the Sioux, Cherokee, and Arrapaho tribes, who on each occasion were defeated, scattered, and driven with great slaughter, and with the loss of a large number of their horses. Their killed and wounded, included in which were many of their principal chiefs, were estimated at 600. Colonel Cole's total loss was seven killed and three wounded.

J. Madison Wells has been appointed Provisional Governor of Louisiana.

The Wisconsin Democratic State Convention met September 20, and made the following nominations: For Governor, Harris C. Hobart; Lieutenant-Governor, D. W. Maxon; Attorney-General, General M. Montgomery; Secretary of State, L. B. Vilas; Treasurer, J. A. Adams. The resolutions adopted indorse President Johnson's policy of restoring the Union on the basis of the Federal Constitution; pledges him unqualified support therein; opposes negro suffrage in the State of Wisconsin or interference with it in other States; opposes the suspension of the *habeas corpus;* favors the most rigid economy in the expenses of the Government, and strict equalization of the tax burdens.

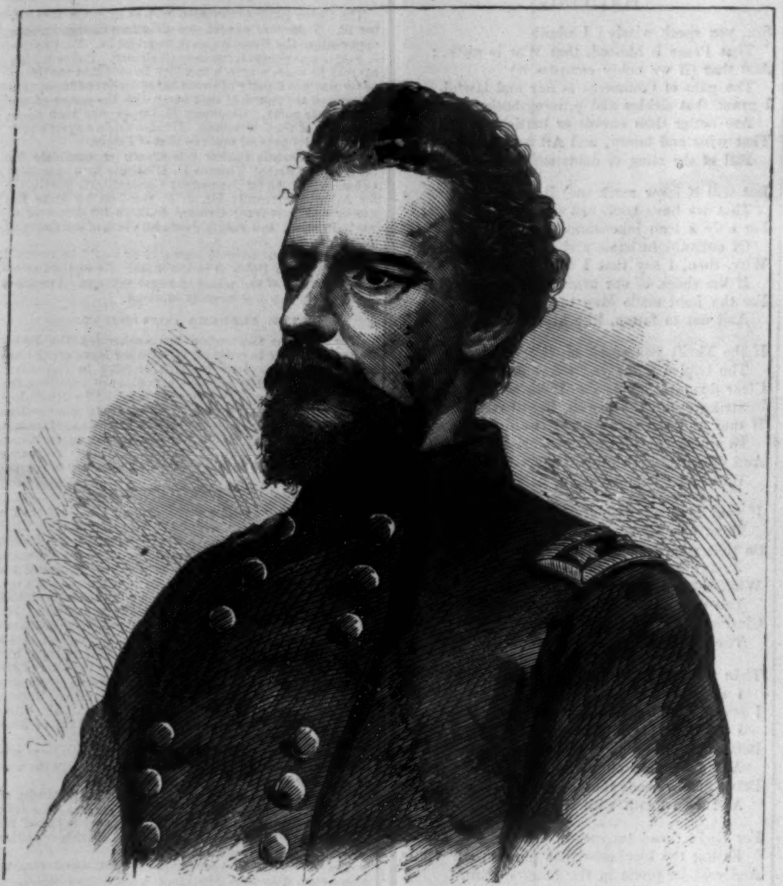
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Fenian movement appears to still excite great apprehension in the British kingdom. The movement appears to be confined to the lowest class of Irishmen, and is opposed by all the Catholic clergy. The Channel fleet has left Portsmouth for the Irish coast.

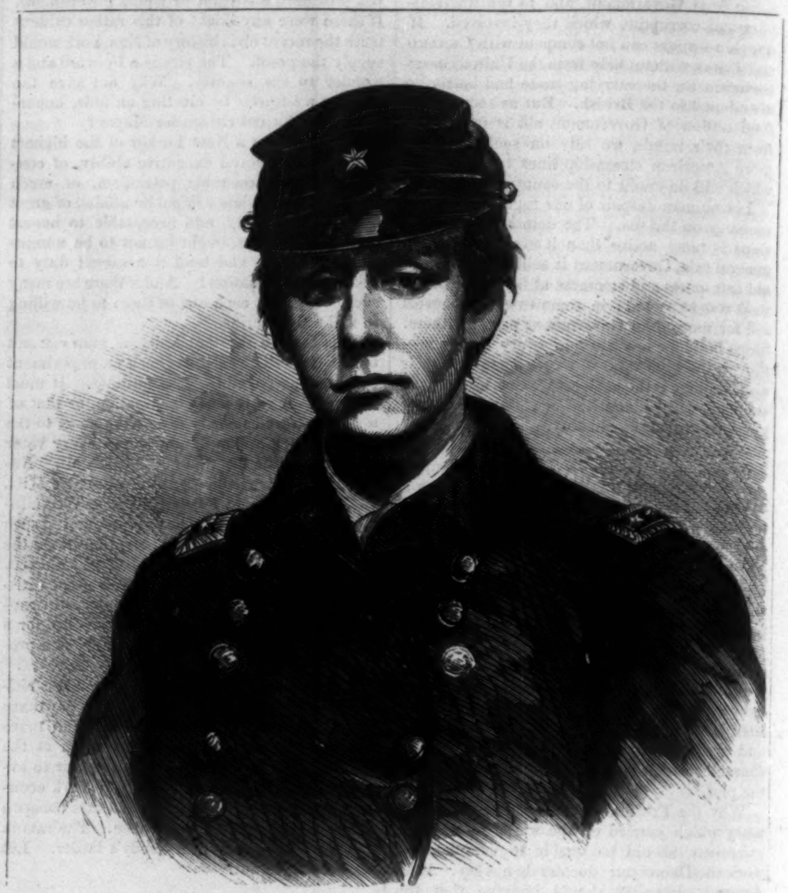
The London *Times* strongly denounces the continued devastations of the *Shenandoah*, and thinks that British ships of war should join in the pursuit of the pirate. It is announced that immediately on intelligence of the devastation being committed among American whalers by the rebel pirate *Shenandoah* reaching Acapulco, Mexico, the commander of the British war steamer *Devastation*, then lying in that harbor, after a consultation with Captain Scott of the United States steamer *Saranac*, set sail in pursuit of the cruiser, avowing his determination, if he overhauled her, to treat her only as a pirate.

Ex-rebel Secretary Benjamin has published a letter denying the Andersonville atrocities.

The cholera has increased so much at Marseilles that the Mayor has summoned a meeting of the physicians to concert measures of relief. Late advices from Marseilles report much alarm there. Many of the inhabitants are fleeing in consequence of the progress of the pestilence.



GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.—[Photographed by Brady.]



GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW.—[See next Page.]

GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.

Major-General Henry Warren Slocum, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, was born at Delhi, New York, September 24, 1827, and is now thirty-eight years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1852, and his first military service was in Florida. In 1857, after having been promoted to a lieutenancy, he resigned his profession for the practice of law.

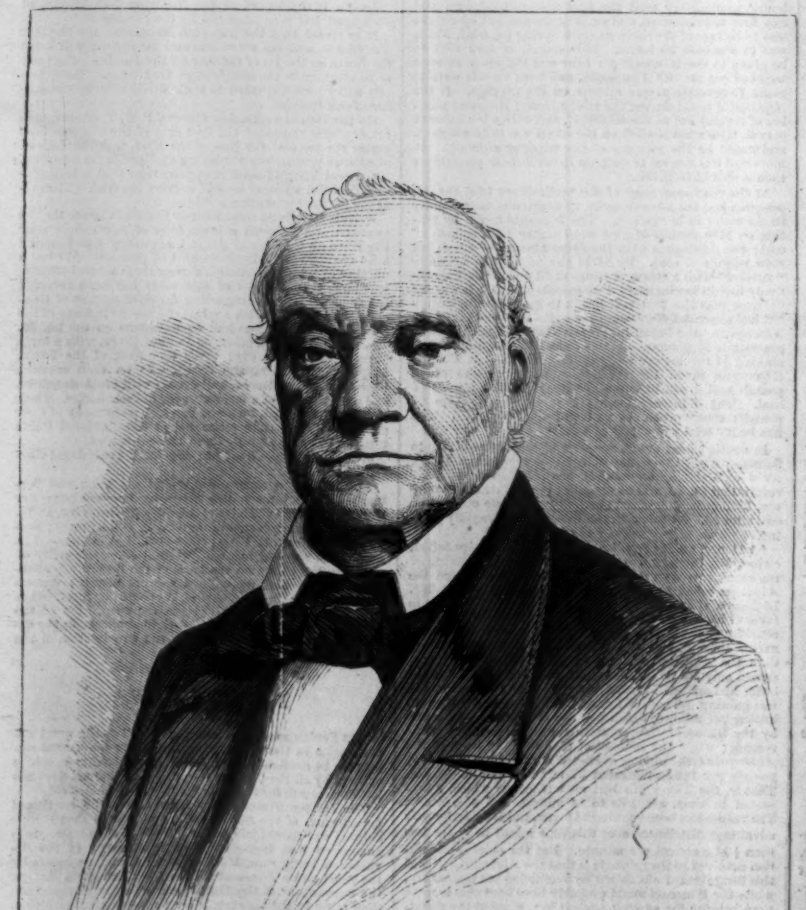
He was recalled to military life by the breaking out of the rebellion. He re-entered the service as Colonel of the Twenty-Seventh New York Volunteers. This regiment left Elmira, one thousand strong, for Washington July 10, 1861. In the subsequent month he, at the same time with Colonel Blenker, was appointed Brigadier-General. His command was the Third Brigade of the First Division of the First Army Corps, then under M'Dowell, until April, 1862, when he was placed in command of his division, which he led during the Peninsular campaign with great credit. For some time he held the advance of the extreme right of General M'Clellan's army. About the middle of June he occupied the Virginia Central Railroad bridge across the Chickahominy, a position which brought him into the early part of the seven days' battles, especially that of Gaines's Mills. At the battle of Antietam, in September, 1862, he commanded the First Division in Franklin's wing.

General Slocum, upon the organization of the Twelfth Corps, was made its commander, having been promoted to the rank of a Major-General by a commission dated July 4, 1862. During the battle of Fredericksburg this corps formed half of the reserve grand division under Sigel, and therefore did not participate in that struggle. In the advance upon Chancellorsville under Hooker, in 1863, General Slocum held command of the right wing of the army, consisting of three corps; though upon the arrival of Hooker upon the field he returned to his corps with which he fought during those memorable first three days of May, and, though a young officer, evinced a degree of military skill rarely surpassed by much older generals.

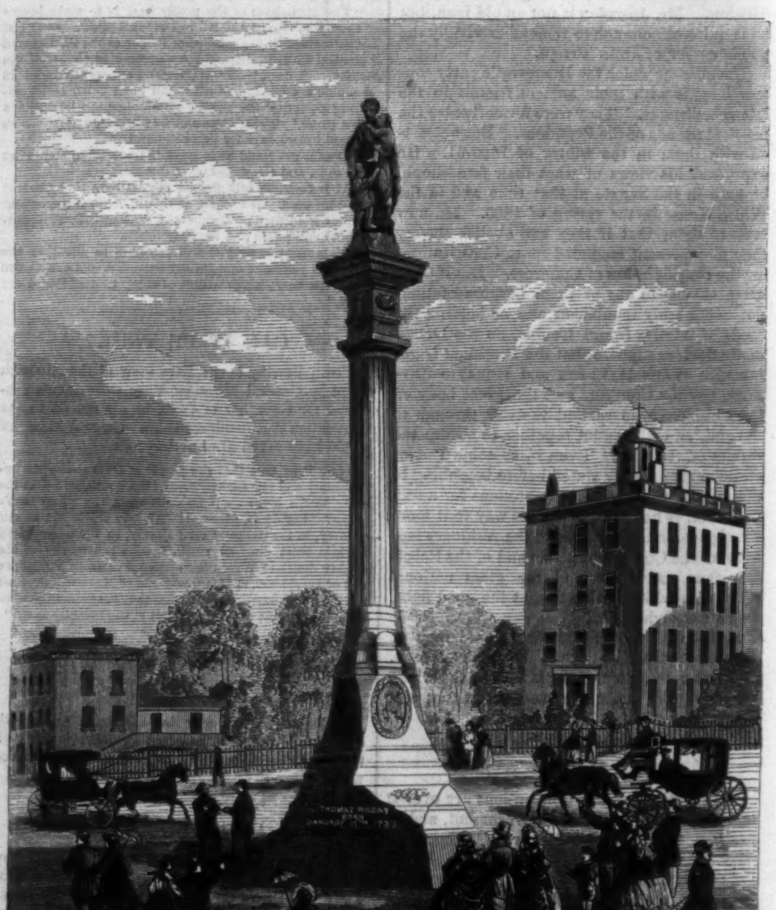
When it became necessary to send troops to the relief of Rosecrans at Chattanooga Slocum was sent westward with the Twelfth Corps. He engaged in the battles of Lookout Valley and Lookout Mountain. April 4, 1864, when Hooker's two corps were consolidated into a single corps, under the leadership of "Fighting Joe" himself, Slocum was relieved and sent to Vicksburg. It was natural when Hooker resigned the command of the Twentieth Corps, in the summer of 1864, that Slocum should succeed him.

General Slocum's more recent service as commander of the left wing in Sherman's memorable march through Georgia and the Carolinas is too familiar to all of our readers to need recapitulation. Upon the surrender of Johnston General Slocum was assigned to his former post at Vicksburg, where the New York Democratic nomination found him.

The Democratic party in this State could have chosen no more available candidate than General Slocum, whose uprightness and honesty are beyond question, and whose patriotism has come out of the furnace-heat of a four years' war as bright and unsullied as the stars of the flag he fought for. We have no doubt that General Slocum, as well as General Barlow, despises the Chicago Platform adopted by the Democrats last year.



THE LATE THOMAS WILDEY, P. G.—Photographed by P. L. Perkins, Baltimore.
[See Page 637.]



MONUMENT ERECTED SEPTEMBER 20, 1865, IN HONOR OF THOMAS WILDEY, FOUNDER OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA.—Photographed by P. L. Perkins.—[See Page 637.]

GENERAL BARLOW.

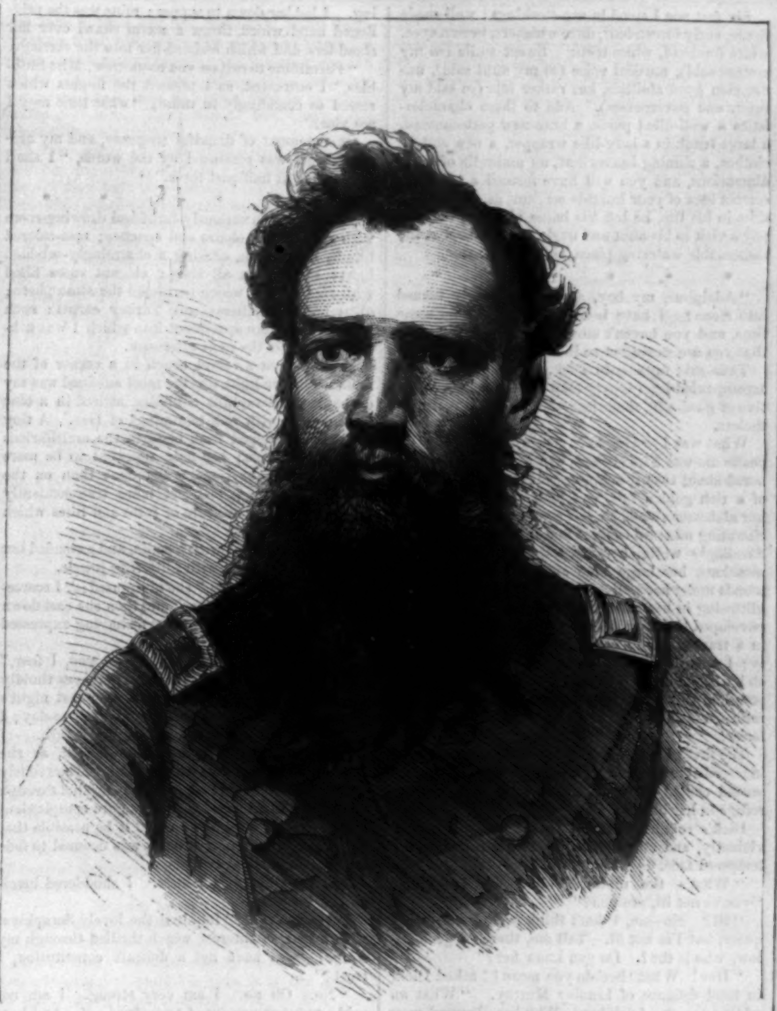
Major-General Francis C. Barlow, the Union candidate for Secretary of State in New York, is one of the most heroic and skillful of our soldiers. One of his achievements, the capture of a whole rebel division with its Generals at Spottsylvania, was perhaps the most brilliant single feat of the war. Enlisting as a private in a New York regiment upon the fall of Sumter, his high capacity, dauntless courage, and loyal devotion, carried him rapidly from the ranks to a Colonelcy. At Fair Oaks his regiment, the New York Sixty-first, was nobly conspicuous. At Antietam he captured two stands of colors and three hundred prisoners, and, leading in the hottest fire, was fearfully wounded and left for dead upon the field.

Promoted a Brigadier his recovery from apparently hopeless injuries enabled him to take part in the great day of Gettysburg, when he was again so severely wounded that he fell into the hands of the enemy, but seemed so nearly dead that they left him, and he was recaptured by our men. By the most unremitting and tender care once more able to join the army, he commanded the first division of **Hancock's** Second Corps when the final campaign in Virginia opened. The army moved on the 3d of May, and forced its bloody way through the Wilderness. On the 12th, at the earliest dawn, **Barlow's** Division at the head of the assaulting column broke over the rebel works, and, clubbing muskets, captured three thousand prisoners, an entire division, with Major-General **Edward Johnson** and Brigadier **Stuart**. Pushing on with his division, and fortunately unhurt, he was actively engaged in the field when the sad news of his wife's death reached him—a wife worthy of a soldier.

Married upon the eve of his departure for the war, his wife shared his fortunes, and with a zeal like that of her husband in the field, this accomplished and admirable woman devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. Her duties were most arduous; her devotion unwearied; and stricken at last by mortal illness in the Fredericksburg hospital, she died, refusing to allow her husband to know of her peril until it was too late.

During the final campaign, at the instance of General **Grant**, the Brigadier was made a Major-General, and emerged untouched, save by the prostration of illness.

Young, accomplished, experienced, of tried ability, and utterly free from personal and partisan cliques and intrigues, General **Barlow** fitly heads the ticket of the great body of honest men of New York who will have no terms with any kind of rebellion, and whose hearts beat in unison with his own for that Union and Liberty for which he has so bravely fought and so cruelly suffered.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG.
[Photographed by A. Gardner, Washington, D. C.]

GENERAL SCHIMMELPFENNIG.

Brigadier-General Alexander Schimmelpfennig, whose portrait we give on this page, died on the 7th of September, 1865, at Wernersville, near Reading (Berks County), Pennsylvania, after a long illness, contracted in part, it is believed, by severe service in the army. His full and correct name was **Alexander Schimmelpfennig von der Oye**. Belonging to an old aristocratic family in Prussia, he entered the army of that country early, after having received a careful military education; but his liberal and democratic spirit did not permit him to stay there.

In the revolution of 1848–49 he sided with the people, and took up arms against this very army when it invaded the Palatinate in 1849. He was compelled to leave his country, and went, after some stay in Switzerland, to London, where he commenced, in common with a number of his countrymen, an active and earnest agitation for the supremacy of the same liberal ideas for which he had taken up arms before. A short time was sufficient to show him the fruitlessness of these efforts at that time and in that place, and he came to this country (1853) to find here a new home.

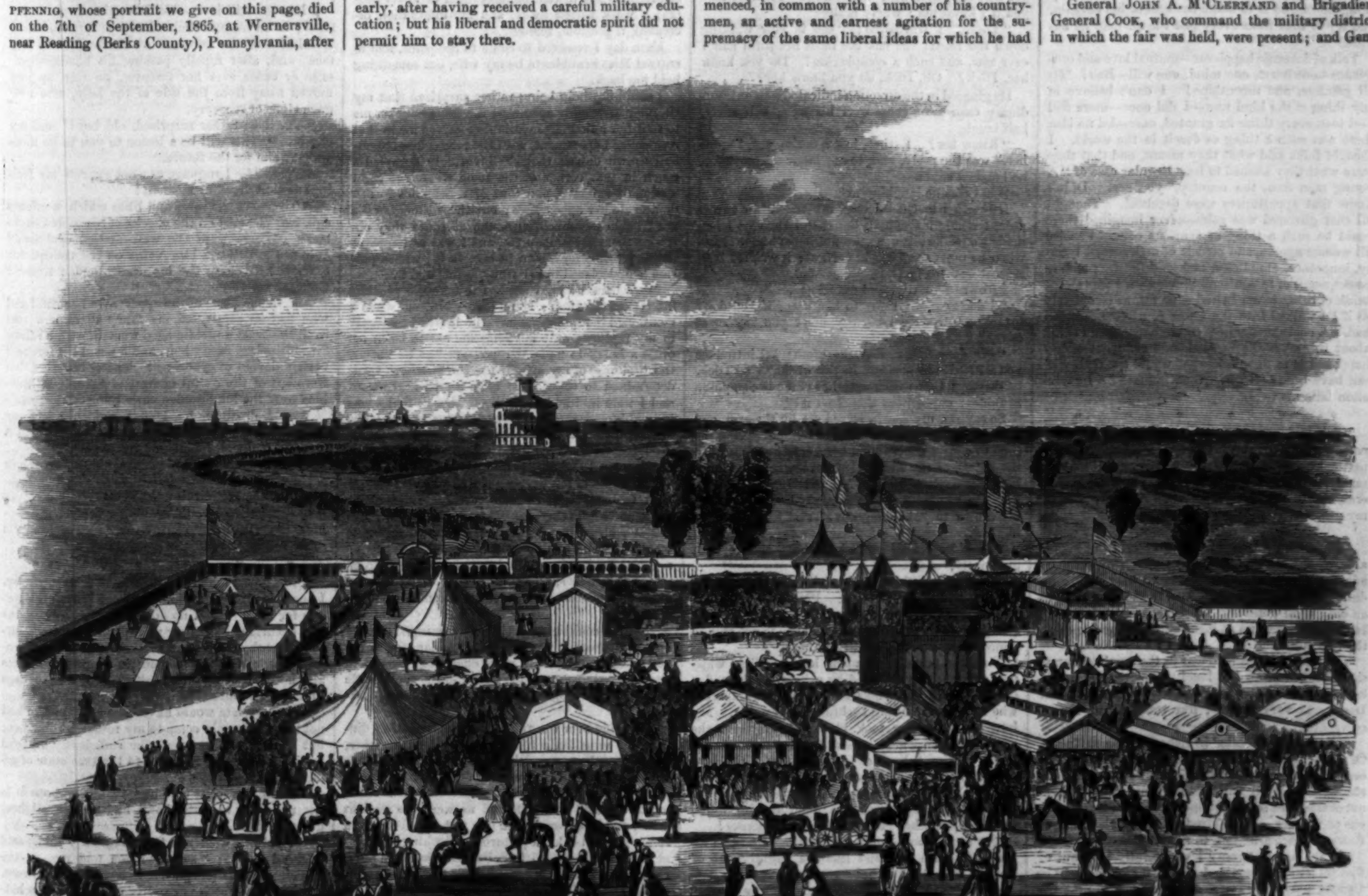
He first lived in Philadelphia, and afterward in Washington, always watching with keen eye the chances of freedom, and ready to support it where and when he could. The days following the attack on Fort Sumter found him ready and willing. Communication was then destroyed between the national capital and the loyal North. **Alexander Schimmelpfennig** set out on foot to reach Pennsylvania, where he intended to offer his military services. The rebel Marylanders turned him back, but, undaunted by the bullets fired at him, he set out a second time, and then, under the disguise of a surveyor, and having passed an examination as such by some rebel officer, he actually reached Pennsylvania, and commenced the formation of a regiment. Sickness (small-pox) delayed his plans for some months; but soon we find him on the field at the head of the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, and taking part in the campaign in West Virginia under Frémont. He soon received the command of a brigade, and did great service in the second Bull Run battle. After the battle of Gettysburg **Schimmelpfennig** was at the head of a division to join our forces before Charleston, South Carolina; and there, in a more independent position, he showed the intrepidity of a true soldier. As a reward he had the honor to enter Charleston first; but his health was gone almost entirely, and it was only the indomitable spirit of duty and the enthusiasm for the cause that made him stay when it was almost a physical impossibility to do so. At last he broke down entirely, and breathed his last after having seen the Union restored and freedom triumphant, not, as he might justly think, without his share in the action of the nation.

THE NATIONAL HORSE FAIR IN ILLINOIS.

We give on this page an illustration of the National Horse Fair, recently held in Springfield, Illinois. The affair created a great sensation in the State, and not less than ten thousand persons were present to witness the races on September 23. The race-track had been prepared with great care; the whole surface, not varying six feet from a common level, had been swept and rolled until the crust was hardened and smooth, ringing out from under the tread of the horses with that clear, full sound turfmen like so well to hear.

The stands for judges and reporters were situated upon the north side of the grounds, and opposite them a long amphitheatre had been erected capable of seating not less than 4000 persons. Added to this numerous tents had been reared, within the canvas walls of which itinerant showmen exhibited fat men and women, snakes, crocodiles, and curiosities of a similar nature.

General **John A. M'Clernand** and Brigadier-General **Cook**, who command the military district in which the fair was held, were present; and Gen-



THE NATIONAL HORSE-FAIR AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

eral GRANT and Staff, with Governor OGLESBY, were expected to be present at the ladies' equestrian display on the 24th. A large number of those in attendance were ladies, and certainly they displayed as keen an appreciation of the proceedings as the sterner sex, if they were less demonstrative than the latter.

All the animals were fine specimens of thorough-bred horses, their pedigrees, as gleaned from the *Turf Register* and produced by their owners, showing some of the best blood upon either side of the Atlantic. All were from stock well known in the records of the turf, and the fine appearance of the animals themselves elicited universal commendation. The races were exciting, and altogether the fair could scarcely be rivaled either as regards interest or for the excellence of the horses exhibited.

ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

THE Thirty-sixth Annual Fair of the American Institute, which we illustrate on page 632, was opened on the evening of September 12. The Fair was held in the spacious Armory of the Twenty-second Regiment, in Fourteenth Street, which was used by the Institute for the display of the various specimens of Arts and Manufactures which have been contributed from all parts of the several States.

The largest of the four rooms devoted to this purpose is 150 feet square, and on the evening of the 12th was filled with the most anomalous collection of articles. Statuary and stucco-work, saddlery and sewing machines, iron bedsteads and soda-water fountains, millinery and machinery, all were jumbled together in the most promiscuous manner. This may be accounted for by the short time the exhibition has been in preparation. The main room was handsomely festooned with the National colors. In the gallery devoted to the Fine Arts a large number of admirably executed photographs adorned the walls, and there were besides many beautiful specimens of statuary and work in bas-relief. The mechanical inventions exhibited speak well for the skill and intelligence of our people.

On the occasion of opening the Fair Major-General SICKLES delivered an eloquent and masterly address, dwelling upon the recent improvements in the arts, and alluding especially to the improvement lately made in the enginery of war.

WHY I NEVER MARRIED.

A BACHELOR! An old bachelor! Yes, that's what I am, and what I intend to remain! With a pitying eye I regard those of my sex who have been ensnared into matrimony; there's no help for a man after he has once put the ring on the finger of the creature who has beguiled him into bestowing upon her his name and worldly goods—the last item of great consequence in her estimation, doubtless. There's no escape for him then; the only thing he can do is to make the best of his bargain, and try to hide from every one the mistake he has made.

Talk of domestic happiness—mutual love and confidence—one heart, one mind, one will—Bah! 'Tis all gammon and moonshine! I don't believe in any thing of the kind now—I did once—more fool I—I took every thing for granted, *once*—I'd no idea there was such a thing as deceit in the world. I thought folks said what they meant, and that they were what they seemed to be. Regular case of "A young man from the country," you see. Didn't know that appearances were deceitful. Thought all that glittered was gold—never imagined there could be such a thing as spurious coin. Fancied all women angels, and models of artlessness, beauty, innocence, simplicity, and truthfulness; and, in consequence of this miserable delusion, I was on the brink of being taken in and done for, as completely as if I'd walked into the sea. A narrow escape I had. A cold shudder goes through me when I think about it, and if the mere thought of what nearly happened is so dreadful, what would the reality itself have been? Ugh! What, indeed? Imagination fails me here.

* * * * * *

Well, perhaps you'd like to hear all about that narrow escape of mine; therefore, although it is not particularly pleasant to be laughed at, I'll make a martyr of myself for the benefit of mankind in general, and give you a page or two from the book of my past life, as the novelists say.

Old-fashioned folks my parents were; but honorable, open-hearted, and sincere—rare qualities now-adays—more's the pity. I was an only child; indulged and petted, and idolized to the uttermost, as an only child generally is. I never went to school, but was brought up at home—first by governesses, then by tutors.

The family homestead was in the north of Derry, situation beautiful, but lonely—our nearest neighbors lived two miles away; society in the north of Derry was very limited, like some of the library companies.

My progenitors rolled in riches, as the saying is. Of course, under those circumstances, there was no occasion for me to earn my living. I was averse to study; and, as my will was law, my education was not of the most brilliant kind, in spite of my numerous preceptors. I preferred rambling about out of doors to strict attention to my studies indoors.

At the age of twenty I was totally ignorant of fashion; its customs and requirements, as well as its arts and deceits, were a sealed book to me; my ideas were extremely vague on all subjects, except those closely connected with home.

People say "Ignorance is bliss," but there is no rule without an exception. The consequences of *my* ignorance would have been any thing but bliss if it had not been for— But I must not anticipate.

My twenty-first birthday arrived—I was a man! A very handsome fellow, my friends said. I'll describe my personal appearance, and then you can judge for yourself, reader, whether they spoke the truth or not.

Six feet one I stood in my stockings; well-made figure, curly brown hair, ditto whiskers, brown eyes, white forehead, white teeth. Sweet smile (so my mother said), musical voice (so my aunt said), uncommon good abilities, but rather idle (so said my tutors and governesses). Add to these characteristics a well-filled purse, a bran-new portmanteau, a large trunk in a lady-like wrapper, a new suit of clothes, a shining beaver-hat, an umbrella of large dimensions, and you will have formed a tolerably correct idea of your humble servant, as, for the first time in his life, he left his home alone, in order to pay a visit to his aunt and uncle, who resided at the fashionable watering-place, Gayton by name.

* * * * * *

"Adolphus, my boy, are you suddenly turned into stone? I have been watching you for some time, and you haven't moved an inch! Who is it that you are staring at so intently?"

Thus said my cousin Dick, and his speech was accompanied by a hearty slap on the back—indicative of good-will, doubtless—but unpleasant nevertheless.

What was I staring at? Ah, what indeed? Opposite me was a lovely girl, who had probably numbered about twenty summers; her waving hair was of a rich golden hue, two long curls floated over her alabaster shoulders, her complexion was a most charming mixture of roses and lilies, her teeth were dazzlingly white, her waist was of wasp-like dimensions, her large blue eyes sparkled like diamonds under her well-arched eyebrows, jewels were glittering in her ears, clouds of floating white lace enveloped her fairy figure. I gazed at her like one in a trance; never before had I beheld such beauty; I was bewitched, fascinated, enchanted; and, oh! wonder of all wonders, happiness beyond expression, this charming creature from time to time returned my ardent gaze with shy yet not displeased looks!

The first glance of those beaming eyes caused an indescribable thrill to pass through my frame; the second caused my heart to flee away and seek for refuge in her bosom!

Dick's rough salutation roused me. I started violently, and stared vacantly at his round, good-tempered face.

"What's the matter?" he said, laughing; "you're not ill, are you?"

"Ill? No—no, I don't think so. I feel rather queer, but I'm not ill. Tell me, there's a good fellow, who is she? Do you know her?"

"Her! What 'her' do you mean?" asked Dick, in total defiance of Lindley Murray. "What an oddity you are, Adolphus! Who has charmed your senses away? Which is the young woman, eh?"

"Young woman!" I repeated, indignantly; "she's a perfect angel!"

"I don't doubt it," replied Dick, laughing more heartily, or *heartlessly*, than before; "women are always angels, are they not? Oh yes! Bless them! Be obliging enough to point out the particular angel who has captivated your fancy. I'll introduce you if I know her; where is she?"

"There," I whispered; "she is now walking down the room; she has the most beautiful hair I ever saw, and such a complexion! Do you know her, Dick? Oh, Dick, *do* you know her?"

He glanced in the direction indicated; an extraordinary expression came over his face; half sneer, half laugh.

"Know her? Rather, just a *leetle*; yes, I know her," was the reply, and, to my intense annoyance, he laughed again.

What was he laughing at?

Hitherto I had considered my cousin an agreeable, sensible individual, but now I thought I had made a mistake; it was most unkind of him to laugh when he must see I was in earnest; it was too bad, a great deal too bad!

I frowned angrily, and exclaimed,

"I don't see any thing to laugh at; if you don't mean to introduce me, why don't you say so at once?"

"My dear fellow, don't be cross; I'll introduce you with all the pleasure in the world," said Dick, briskly. "Come with me; her name is Seraphina Stubbles; euphonious that, isn't it?"

So saying, my cousin seized me by the arm, and hurried me across the room, and without giving me time to collect my agitated nerves, he strode toward the object of my admiration, who was now standing by the side of an elderly lady.

"Mrs. Stubbles, will you allow me to introduce my cousin to your daughter?" said Richard, bowing low.

The elderly lady smiled blandly, and replied, graciously,

"My darling child will be delighted to make the acquaintance of your cousin. Phina, love, do you feel equal to dancing any more? She is so delicate; she is very fond of balls, but she is not able to dance many times, poor little thing!"

This last remark was made in an audible whisper, and was accompanied by a heavy sigh, and a glance full of tenderness at the lovely Seraphina, who now stood smiling bashfully by my side. My introduction to her took place; she thought she could dance once more, she said, as her mother anxiously cautioned her not to tire herself. Oh, how my heart beat as she placed her little hand on my arm! Oh, happiness beyond expression when it fell to my lot to pass my arm round her tiny waist, and to support her graceful form in the dance!

For some time I could not speak. I was so intoxicated with joy, and likewise slightly out of breath; and the unusual exercise caused the floor of the room to feel as if it were giving way beneath me. Ere long I led my partner to a seat, and entered into conversation with her.

My infatuation rapidly increased; she appeared to grow more bewitching every moment. Oh, what a sweet smile she had! What a lovely complexion! So pink and white, and so transparent that I could trace the delicate blue veins beneath!

She was not displeased by the admiration which my words and looks expressed; on the contrary, her coy yet encouraging glances made me half wild with joy. I scarcely quitted her side that evening. I led her down to supper; mine was the privileged hand which threw a warm shawl over her shoulders, and which assisted her into the carriage.

"Permit me to call on you to-morrow, Miss Stubbles," I entreated, as I pressed the fingers which rested so confidingly in mine; "what time may I see you?"

One moment of dreadful suspense, and my agitated heart was reassured by the words, "I shall be at home at half-past three."

* * * * * *

A small but luxuriously-furnished drawing-room with rose-colored chairs and couches; rose-colored blinds, half-drawn, causing a charmingly-subdued light; mirrors on all sides; elegant vases filled with rare exotics, which perfumed the atmosphere; glittering chandeliers; soft Turkey carpet: such was the fairy-like apartment into which I was ushered by a page the next afternoon.

Reclining on a velvet couch in a corner of the room where the light was the most subdued was my enchantress, Seraphina Stubbles, attired in a blue muslin dress with rich trimmings of lace. A tiny pink slipper peeped from beneath the multifarious folds of her dress; her hair appeared to be more golden, more wavy, more abundant than on the previous evening; and yet more transcendently beautiful was the mixture of roses and lilies which bloomed on her face.

She welcomed me with a smile, and extended her white hand, adorned with glittering jewels.

"So glad to see you," she murmured; "I scarcely hoped you would come;" and then she cast down her eyes in maidenly confusion at having expressed her feelings so freely.

"Mamma will not be able to see you, I fear," she continued, once more raising her eyes timidly to my face; "she is so fatigued after last night's exertions; and *I* do not feel quite myself to-day; I am not strong," and she heaved a gentle sigh.

How fragile, how delicate she looked, as she leaned back on her cushions, and played nervously with her watch-chain! A sudden pang shot through my heart; I had heard that very pure complexions were a sign of weakness; could it be possible that beauty, such as I now beheld, was doomed to fade away in an early grave?

The thought was madness. I shuddered involuntarily.

"Are you cold?" inquired the lovely Seraphina, with a look of interest which thrilled through my frame: "*you* have not a delicate constitution, I trust?"

"No. Oh no. I am very strong. I am not cold; but, but you see, I was afraid—" And here I came to a full stop; my feelings quite overpowered me, and prevented further utterance.

"Ah! I understand," sighed the gentle creature; "you are very kind, I'm sure; very kind, indeed!" and again the blue eyes drooped beneath my expressive gaze.

I will not dwell longer on that interview; it is sufficient to say it was the forerunner of many others; a week passed away, and my infatuation increased, if possible, tenfold.

Each day I resolved to come to the point, and to entreat Miss Stubbles to be my wife, but something held me back.

I could not help being rather surprised that my charmer invariably appointed the same hour for me to visit her; that she invariably received me in that rose-colored apartment, with the rose-colored blinds half drawn down; that she invariably occupied a couch in that corner of the room where the light was most subdued, and that Mrs. Stubbles so seldom made her appearance; but these thoughts did not trouble me much, although at times they obtruded themselves upon me, and I was as happy as it was possible for a man in love to be, whose passion is undeclared to her who has inspired it.

My cousin Richard seemed to take the greatest interest in the affair; he no longer laughed when I mentioned Seraphina's name; he listened patiently to my raptures, only advising me not to be in too great a hurry to "pop the question," as he termed the disclosure of my affection. But at length I was determined to bring matters to a crisis. Richard and I were invited to a picnic. Miss Stubbles was invited likewise. As I retired to rest the previous night I resolved that the next day should decide my fate; which it did, but in a very different manner to what I had anticipated.

I shall never forget that picnic! Never!

It took place at some picturesque ruins about eight miles from Gayton. 'Twas a lovely day; sun shining, birds singing, company select, dinner just what it ought to be; no unpleasant mixtures of sugar and salt, vinegar and cream, no breakings of plates and dishes, no spilling of wine and beer, or any other misfortunes generally attendant on picnics.

Nothing could have been better arranged; every one was pleased; myself in particular, for never had Seraphina appeared more charming, never had she lavished upon me such tender looks, such gentle words of encouragement, as on the present occasion.

A ramble over the ruins was proposed after dinner; for some little time the party kept together, but at length, to my delight, I found myself alone with my enchantress in one of the most secluded parts of the ruined castle. The situation was a most romantic one. Behind us were the ancient ruins, partly covered with ivy; at our feet was a steep, grassy bank; a picturesque-looking well was at a little distance, with its bucket filled with pure, clear water in which the rays of the sun were brightly reflected.

Seated on a camp-stool, at the edge of the bank, was the object of my affections, most becomingly attired in a light summer dress; a fashionable hat with a long blue feather rested on her golden hair, a white spotted veil fell over her lovely features, shading, but not concealing the transparency of her complexion.

The opportunity I had so long desired had arrived. I must speak, and quickly too, for fear of interruption.

With a great effort I summoned up my courage. I drew nearer my companion, who appeared to be in a state of tremulous excitement.

"Miss Stubbles. Ah! may I call you Seraphina?"

"You may," she faintly murmured, trembling yet more visibly.

I ventured to take her hand, and to press it fondly.

"Seraphina, you must have seen—you must be aware that I love you; who could do otherwise? The only wonder to me is that you have not already been made a bride."

She shook her head, and raised her eyes to mine with a tender look.

"Adolphus," she whispered, in a voice of inexpressible sweetness (and never had my Christian name sounded so delightfully in my ears), "Adolphus, I may have been loved before—I do not deny it; but oh! how can I say it? I—I—have never returned it till now; forgive me if I have said too much," and she again lowered her head in graceful confusion.

In a moment I was on my knees beside her, and my arm was round her waist.

"Forgive you, my Seraphina? How can I thank you sufficiently for those blessed words? How can I ever repay you? Oh, Seraphina! Charming Seraphina! from henceforth I will devote my life to securing your happiness! With this arm I will ever protect you; I will ever shield you from every danger that may—"

I could say no more; an exclamation of astonishment and alarm issued from the lips of her whom I adored, a sudden start; a scream, and the next moment my Seraphina and I were rolling down the grassy bank! As I quickly regained my feet, I fancied I heard a smothered laugh, and I perceived my cousin Richard hastily descending the steep bank.

As for my Seraphina, my beloved one, she lay motionless on the turf, her eyes closed, her lips apart. Alas! alas! she had fainted! With a cry of despair I raised her in my arms, and gazed eagerly at her. Strange to say, although she was insensible, the rosy color had not faded from her cheeks; and, what was stranger still, as I hurriedly removed the hat with its blue feather and white veil from Miss Stubbles's head, the long golden curls I had so much admired fell to the ground!

Horror, not unmixed with alarm, filled my breast. With dilated eyes I gazed at the shining tresses which lay on the grass by my feet. A loud laugh caused me to look up—Richard stood beside me, his face convulsed with merriment; in his hand he bore the bucket of water which had so lately reflected the sun's rays.

"Look! look!" I gasped, as I pointed to the glossy curls which were connected by a narrow band. "Oh, Richard! what does it mean?"

"What does it mean?" he repeated, still laughing heartily; "oh, Adolphus! how precious green you are! Lay her down on the grass; I'll show you what it means!"

I laid the still insensible Seraphina down as desired; in an instant Richard had unceremoniously splashed half the contents of the bucket on her face; and, after rapidly passing his handkerchief once or twice over her features, he rose up and moved away from the side of the lady, who now gave signs of recovery.

"You'll be rather surprised, old boy!" said my cousin. "This will be a lesson to you to be more wide-awake for the future."

Surprised! Language can not express my feelings at that dreadful moment!

Where were the roses and lilies which, a minute ago, had bloomed on the cheeks of Seraphina Stubbles? Where were the well-arched eyebrows? Where the delicate blue veins on the transparent forehead? Where the luxuriant, golden tresses? Gone, gone, all gone!

And in the place of the apparently beautiful girl who had so captivated my fancy there now rose from the grass a middle-aged woman, with a sallow face, dripping, sandy hair, and a wrinkled forehead utterly devoid of eyebrows! The only traces that were left of the recent charms of Seraphina Stubbles were the long golden curls lying at my feet.

Was I dreaming? Had I suddenly lost my senses? Or was the scene on which I gazed a dreadful reality?

For some minutes I was incapable of speech or action; there I stood, motionless as a statue, looking upon the creature who had so basely deceived me. At length I could no longer control my feelings, but with hasty steps I rushed away from the scene so repulsive and so painful to me!

* * * * * *

I was never taken in again in that way, reader. I never made love again. No more blooming damsels for me! I had no faith in pure complexions and luxuriant hair after that picnic. "Once bitten twice shy." When I reached Gayton that evening I made a vow to remain in single blessedness all the days of my life; which vow I have kept hitherto, and intend to keep.

What my fate would have been if my cousin had not so opportunely come to my rescue I know not; but I feel that I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for opening my eyes to the true state of affairs.

I never saw Miss Stubbles again; perhaps it is not necessary to state that I had not the slighest desire to do so.

"I did not wish you to be regularly sold," said Richard to me; "so when you told me, on the morning of that picnic, what your intentions were, I resolved to watch you pretty closely. I was hidden behind the ruins when you made love so fiercely to that deceitful woman, and it was my sudden appearance which startled her to such an extent that she upset her camp-stool, and tumbled down the bank. It was too bad of me, perhaps, to take advantage of her helpless state, and to besprinkle her so freely with water that all her charms disappeared; but, for the life of me, I could not resist such a glorious opportunity of showing her to you in her true colors, or rather without any colors at all. Bless you, she's been well known here these ten years; she always tries to beguile strangers, but they find her out sooner or later. She's often called 'The Painted Lady,' but I don't think she greatly resembles the beautiful butterfly which bears that name."

* * * * * *

Just a word or two, by way of warning, to my fashionable young lady readers ere I bring this paper to a conclusion.

When duly armed for conquest, when your hair glistens with the daily advertised "Auricomus Fluid," when long curls (for which you have paid five shillings each) stream over your shoulders, when your skin is "enameled," and when false roses and lilies bloom on your cheeks, take care, I say, take care! Beware of camp-stools, steep banks, and buckets-full of water, or the consequences may be as disagreeable to you as they were to Miss Seraphina Stubbles!

THE TENNESSEE SERGEANTS.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS'S STORY.

When I was in Marietta last autumn, waiting for a pass to go to the neighboring town of Atlanta, which General Sherman had then recently captured, I made the acquaintance of two sergeants of the Fifth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry Volunteers. Like all the loyalists of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia and Alabama whom I met in that part of the theatre of war, they related many instances of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of their people, which both illustrate the cruelty of the old ruling class and that patriotic spirit which augurs so well for their own redemption from the amazing ignorance wherein they have been reared.

I took notes—full stenographic notes—of their talk as they spoke to me by their camp-fires. I reproduce them now, not as interesting episodes of the war merely, but in the hope that they may aid in arresting that dangerous mania miscalled "magnanimity"—offspring of an unholy eagerness for commercial profit and political place—which seems to be the prevailing madness of the hour, and which seeks to forgive our enemies not before they repent only, but at the price of the sacrifice of "our Southern friends."

Sergeant Reynolds was a fine-looking young man, with clear blue eyes and a frank, manly aspect.

JAMES REVIS'S ARREST.

"In the fall of 1861," said the Sergeant, "when the rebels were arresting and disarming the loyal men of East Tennessee, a party of them belonging to Captain Rogers's company of Minute-men (as they called themselves) went to the house of James Revis, a peaceable Union citizen of Meigs County, and demanded his gun. He told them that his gun was at his brother-in-law's, and that they could go and get it. They said that he must go with them, and they made him run before them. They would try to run their horses on him. They run him in this way until he was so tired that he could hardly walk, and then one of the men by the name of Bryant Smith struck him in the mouth with the breech of a gun, knocking several of his teeth loose, and bruising and cutting his face badly. In March, 1862, Revis made his escape through the mountains to Kentucky, leaving a wife and six little children to the mercy of the rebels. He enlisted in Company H of the Fifth Tennessee Regiment Volunteer Infantry, and was promoted to Corporal. He belonged to the color-guard of the regiment, and was one of the three out of five of that guard that were killed at the battle of Resaca, Georgia, on the 14th of May, 1864. He told me most of these facts himself."

This class of outrages were so common that it is hardly worth while to chronicle them, excepting as specimens of daily occurrences in East Tennessee at that period.

The Sergeant then related the

HANGING OF NORMAN.

"At the commencement of the rebellion Meigs County, Tennessee, was noted as one of the strongest rebel counties in the eastern part of the State. There were few Union men in the county, and it was dangerous to utter Union sentiments from the very dawn of the rebellion.

"About the 8th of November, 1861, all the bridges on the East Tennessee, Georgia, and Virginia railroads were burned down by the Union men. The loyalists were nearly all banded together in secret organizations called Home Guards. In some counties—those near the mountains—they were public; but in the rebel counties to have appeared openly would have been instant death to every one belonging to them. It was by this secret League that the resolution was made and carried out to burn down those bridges over which the rebels had moved the greater part of their forces to Virginia. As soon as the bridges were burned down every Union man in Meigs County and all parts of East Tennessee who could not make his escape into Kentucky was arrested and charged with having done the destruction.

"Among the loyalists thus arrested was an old man by the name of Henry Norman, who was seized by a squad of soldiers sent from Calhoun. They went to Norman's house after night, and told him and his family that they had come to hang the —— old Lincolnite. After abusing him and his family for some time, they taken* him and two horses, and started for Calhoun. They went as far as John George's house that night; staid till morning; got some whisky there, and traveled all day till they got to Moses Bowner's place, where they stopped at night. One of Bowner's daughters made a little negro sing, and John M. Hawser—I'm sorry to say, Sir, that he's a relative of mine—Hawser stood by, with a pistol pointed at old Mr. Norman's head, and made him dance. After they started from Bowner's they made the old man get on one of his own horses and take a rebel flag and ride along before them, pointing their pistols at him and threatening to shoot him if he murmured. They then made him get off the horse and walk before them; and they compelled him to run, and often tried to run their horses over him. They shot at him every little while with their pistols.

"They got to Calhoun (Tennessee) late in the evening, and as they went into the town they told the old man that they would hang him that day. Some time after dark they took him out above town to where there were some small trees and tied a rope around his neck. They jerked him about like an ox and threw him down several times, which bruised his face very much; and then they put the rope over a limb, pulled the old man up, and let him hang until he was nearly lifeless. Then they let him down, and asked him if he knew any thing about the bridges being burned.

"He told them he did not.

"They pulled him up the second time, and let him hang until apparently dead. They then let him fall to the ground—about four or five feet, he said—which bruised him very much.

"After he had recovered so as to be able to speak, they asked him if he knew any person engaged in burning the bridges, and a great many other questions.

"He told them that he was innocent, and knew nothing of the men that burned the bridges.

"They swore that he was telling a lie, and that they would hang him dead.

"He told them to hang and be d—d!

"They pulled the old man up to the limb the third time, and let him hang until they thought he was dead, and then let him fall to the ground as before. They left him there.

"After lying some time the old man recovered so as to be able to get away. He was two days traveling twelve miles. After he got home he was confined to his bed for three weeks. His neighbors thought he would die, but he finally recovered and made his escape to the National army. He enlisted in the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, and died in the hospital at Nashville last winter.

"The men that were engaged in this affair were his nearest neighbors. They have since joined the rebel army.

"Old Mr. Norman himself told me these facts."

I asked the Sergeant respecting the subsequent fate of the other parties of his narrative.

He said that "Norman's family are still living in Meigs County. One of his sons is in our army. He was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels at the same time with myself at Knoxville. The other son is in the rebel army. He was a Second-Lieutenant then, and he is one of the worst rebels in the county. The rebels robbed Mrs. Norman of every thing she had after her husband joined the National army. She is very poor now. Moses Bowner joined the rebel army. Our men cleaned him out, and burned down all his houses to the ground. He had taken his negroes South with him. Hawser joined the rebels and deserted. We confiscated *his* property. He was captured by our men; but they did not know him, and turned him over to the authorities. He took the oath and they released him. But I'll be blemed if ary one of these rebels can live in East Tennessee after the war is over. You may bet high on *that*."

SERGEANT WILEY'S STORY.

Sergeant Reynolds having ended his narrative, a young man, a Sergeant also, W. B. H. Wiley, of the same regiment, volunteered to state what he knew of the sufferings of the loyalists of East Tennessee. The orderly was of medium height and thick-set; he had regular and good features, a broad face and forehead, and frank blue eyes—an energetic, active youth, with that determined yet dashing air that distinguishes the Westerner after the peacock tendency has been driven out of his brain by a few years of earnest struggle with the world. No one who hears him talk doubts the truth of his stories. This remark applies equally to all the other Tennesseans whom I have heard tell what they knew of the horrors of rebel conscriptions. I do not believe that any of them would "waste the truth" on a rebel guerrilla who should chance to capture them; but when they talk of their persecutions one feels that their only difficulty is to describe adequately all that they have been through and seen and suffered.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE LOYALISTS.

The orderly's family at the outbreak of the rebellion shared the same fate as every other Unionist's in East Tennessee: contributions in kind were levied on them both by the regular and irregular forces of the insurgents. Then came the dreaded conscriptions, which caused the loyalists to "gather up in squads of from 50 to 100," and make their way through the mountains by lonely and secret paths to a common rendezvous in Kentucky. Fed by the Union women who lived in the mountain counties; sleeping in caves, or rock houses as they call them; often captured by the rebels, who guarded every public road and every known by-path; traveling all night long; most of them unarmed, many of them but illy clad—their adventures were romantic and thrilling enough to satisfy the most adventurous spirit, and are destined doubtless to form the plot of many a novel of our civil war by writers yet unborn for a century to come. Those Unionists who did not fly were seized and conscripted into the rebel army—sometimes dragged from their sick beds and lodged in jail or forced into the ranks. A band of rebel cavalry, calling themselves the Bull-Pups—most of them, according to the Sergeant, having been enlisted in the State prison of Nashville—were detailed to do the work of "hunting up the Lincolnites;" and it was by this infamous company that many of the outrages were perpetrated on the loyalists of Roane County. "They shot several in my neighborhood," said the Sergeant, "for nothing more than they was Union men."

In March, 1862, the persecutions were renewed. The rebels began their system of universal conscription. "There was another stampede for Kentucky," said the Sergeant. "My father and three brothers saw that we could no longer enjoy our homes, and so we resolved to make our escape to Kentucky. My father was sixty odd years of age. On the 2d of March my mother and two sisters prepared provisions enough to last us some five or six days. We had our rations to carry; for there had been so many going through the mountains that they had eaten up every thing. After six hard days' traveling through the mountains, night and day, following nothing but a very narrow path through the woods and rocks, we arrived at Barboursville, Kentucky. We all enlisted. One of my brothers was murdered. He was going from Galiston to Carthage, and some bushwhackers shot seven holes in his body and left him lying on the road. Some citizens buried him. The rebels killed two others at the same time."

Pausing for a moment the Sergeant told with considerable zest how two "Union girls" he knew "laid out" a rebel soldier. I give the story in his own words:

TWO UNION GIRLS.

"In the winter of 1861 there was a man lived in Scott County, Tennessee, by the name of Markum. He was a true Union man. There was a detachment of rebel cavalry came through the country, and they stopped at Mr. Markum's. He had two very fine daughters. Mr. Markum was not at home when the soldiers came. One of them tried to get hold of one of the girls. She ran around the house, and the soldier after her. While this was going on there was a small boy, a brother of hers, ran for her father, who was not far off at the time. While the boy was going after the old man the girl ran into the house, and then up stairs, the rebel soldier still after her. Her sister in the mean time had got hold of an axe. She ran up stairs and set in with the axe, and a combat commenced between the two girls and the rebel.

"By this time the father had arrived at the house, and saw what was going on. He immediately gathered his rifle, and rushed to the rescue of his two daughters. The girls had struck the soldier with the axe before the father came; but he ran up stairs and shot at him. He missed the rebel. The two girls still kept working with the axe until they killed him. One of the girls lost two of her fingers, and the other received a dreadful wound which knocked out her right eye and a part of her skull bone.

MURDER OF HENDRICKS.

"I knew Harrison Hendricks that was murdered. In February (1861) there were two companies of rebel soldiers commanded by Henry Gibson and Tony Butler. They were not connected with any regular command, but went all over the county robbing and killing all persons that did not do just as they wanted them to. They went to the house of James Phillips in Anderson County, Tennessee, and arrested Harrison Hendricks, and kep' him a prisoner for a short time. He then saw a chance, as he thought, to get away from them. He broke to run; but the rebel soldiers fired on him and shot him in the back, and he fell to the ground. He fell within a few feet of a woman who was coming over to see him. The rebel soldiers came down to where he lay. He asked them to give his money to his wife, who stood in need of it; but they turned a deaf ear to him. He left a wife and one child to mourn after him.

ESCAPE FROM THE IRON CAGE.

"At the same time that this was done," said the Sergeant, "they taken Thomas Russell, of Anderson County, prisoner, and taken him to Knoxville, Tennessee. They took all the money he had, his horse and saddle. He was kept in the jail at Knoxville seven weeks, with nothin' scarcely to eat. In March he and a great many others resolved to break prison. At that time there was two captains of the National army confined in the same prison in an iron cage. They managed to make a kind of wrench out of a pair of hooks, and taken [they made] all the screws loose in the cage, and then waited until after night. At that time there was two rebel prisoners in the lower room, who assisted them in making their escape. While the Union men up stairs was cutting a hole in the floor the rebel soldiers held their blankets to catch their chips; and while the chopping was going on they played a fiddle and danced to prevent the guard from hearing them chopping; and one of them watched for the officer of the guard to come to open the gate. It was arranged that the rebel soldier would give one hard rap on the wall when he opened the outside gate, so that the Union prisoners could tell when to strike.

"When they heard the signal each man gathered him a piece of iron that came off from the cage that the captains were confined in, and then they made a rush for the outside door; they found a corporal and two guards there. One of the Union prisoners gathered the guards' guns, and the others knocked down the corporal and killed him, and then crept forward to the gate, where they met the Lieutenant of the Guard. He shouted, 'Stop here, boys! go back!' At that moment one of the prisoners felled him to the ground. He was badly wounded, for he was struck with a heavy piece of iron.

"The man that caught the guns of the guards was Martin Pennington. He got a wound in the breast from one of the guards, but he succeeded in taking their guns from them, and carried one of them two miles from Knoxville. There he gave out and lay down. He was recaptured, and soon after died. He left a wife and a large family to mourn after him. The other prisoners escaped.

ASSASSINATION OF ISAAC DUNCAN.

"At the same time, and by the same men, Isaac Duncan, of Anderson County, started across the mountains toward the rebel lines, to trade for some thread for the use of his family. He heard that the rebels were in that county, and went back into the mountains with some of his friends. They tried to conceal themselves in an old waste-house.*

"The rebels came along the road and saw their tracks, and followed them up to the old house, and found them all asleep inside. They surrounded the house, and then shouted to the sleepers:

"'Come out of there, you —— Tories!'

"The men rose to their feet and gathered their rifles. The rebels fired a volley through the cracks of the house, and wounded one of the men inside. He recovered himself and fired back, and broke a rebel's leg. The party outside fired another volley through, and yelled,

"'Surrender, you —— Tories!'

"The men inside saw that they were going to be taken, and they left their guns and crawled out under the house—all except Duncan and Mike Low. They remained in the house and were taken prisoners.

"They taken Mr. Duncan and Mr. Low around the house. Butler and Gibson then had a dispute whether they would kill him or keep him a prisoner. While they were discussing it George Gibson, brother of the Captain, pushed through the crowd, placed his pistol to Duncan's head, and blew his brains out. He left a wife. His half-brother lay hid in the bushes near by, and heard Duncan beg them to spare his life."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Refined Taste.—"Always buy your chestnuts biled," said Mrs. Snow to Abemlech, who was about investing a penny in that little brown commodity, "'cause the raw ones want looking after, and the wormy ones you have to throw away; but with the biled ones it don't make no difference—worms can't hurt nobody when they're biled."

Definitions for the Next Dictionary.—*Honor.*—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise and hate. *Virtue.*—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles. *Wealth.*—The most respectable quality of man.

Why is the toothache like an unanswerable argument?—Because it makes people hold their jaw.

A determined advocate of the water-baths, especially the Turkish, expatiating on their beneficial uses to Bruton, said that in old Rome, when the bath was a general resort, there were no doctors in that land, and not an ill to be found. "I beg your pardon," said Bruton, "Rome has always been celebrated for her *seven hills!*"

Why is Adelina Patti's voice like a crown?—Because it's replete with *precious tones.*

A little girl, after returning from church, where she saw a collection taken up for the first time, related what took place, and among other things she said, with all her childish innocence, "that a man passed around a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

Spouting.—"Now, boys, this is a whale. Can you tell me what the whale does with all the water he swallows?"—Smart boy, whose father is a pawnbroker: "Please, Sir, he spouts it."

"Joe, my dear," said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the piscatory profession on the banks of Newfoundland, "do fix up a little, you look so slovenly. Oh, what an awful memory it would be for me if you should get drowned looking so!"

A well-known lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would carry him over without stopping. So he advertised him, "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

Two gentlemen walking together were talking of the senses—seeing, feeling, and the like. One remarked that his sense of hearing was remarkable for its acuteness, while the other was not wonderfully endowed in this respect, but observed that his vision was wonderful. "Now, to illustrate," said he, "I can see a fly on the spire of yonder church." The other looked sharply at the place indicated. "Ah!" said he, "I can't see him, but I can hear him step."

How many musical strains does it take to *bust* a singer?

Man leads woman to the altar—in that act his leadership begins and ends.

Home Joys.—There are evidences of domestic bliss in the following telegram, sent by a Wall Street banker to his wife: "Send John. Also demijohn. Kiss Matty. Spank Arthur. Don't fret."

"Never saw such stirring times," as the spoon said to the sauce-pan.

Foote was talking away one evening at the dinner-table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the party, who was a rival wit, interrupted him suddenly with an air of most considerate apology, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Foote, but your handkerchief is half out of your pocket." "Thank you, Sir," said Foote, replacing it, "*you know the company better than I do,*" and finished his joke, leaving his rival quite extinguished.

There was a deacon in a town in this State by the name of Day—by trade a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and he went out to stop their Sabbath-breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Yes, Sir," immediately replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper."

Why is the letter *e* a gloomy and discontented vowel?—Because, though never out of health and pocket, it never appears in spirits.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut off his tail.

"I'm attached to you, and yet I wish myself away," as the overloaded donkey said to the cart.

Why is a stale egg like a wicked companion?—Because he's a *bad egg-sample.*

At one time at Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said "he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water; if he only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all that he wanted."

James the First once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman, seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which the king was notorious. When he had finished James thanked him for his sermon, but asked him what connection swearing had with it. "Since your majesty came out of your way to hear me," said the clergyman, "I could not do less than go out of mine to meet you."

The celebrated divine, Doctor South, on one occasion preached before the Corporation of Tailors. He took for his text the appropriate words—"A *remnant* shall be saved."

An Irishman being asked by a friend what was meant by an author's posthumous works, replied that "they were the works an author wrote after he was dead."

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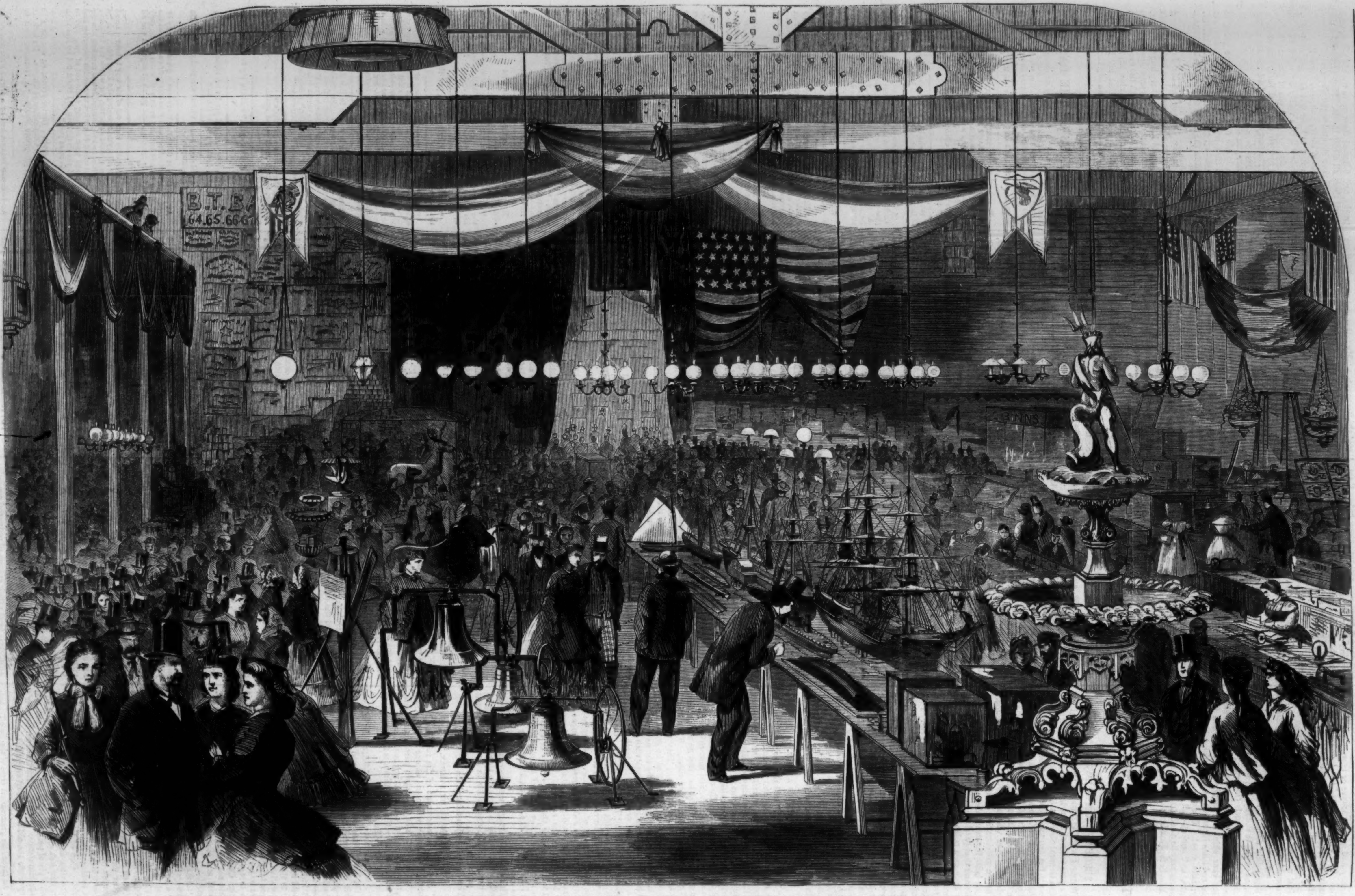
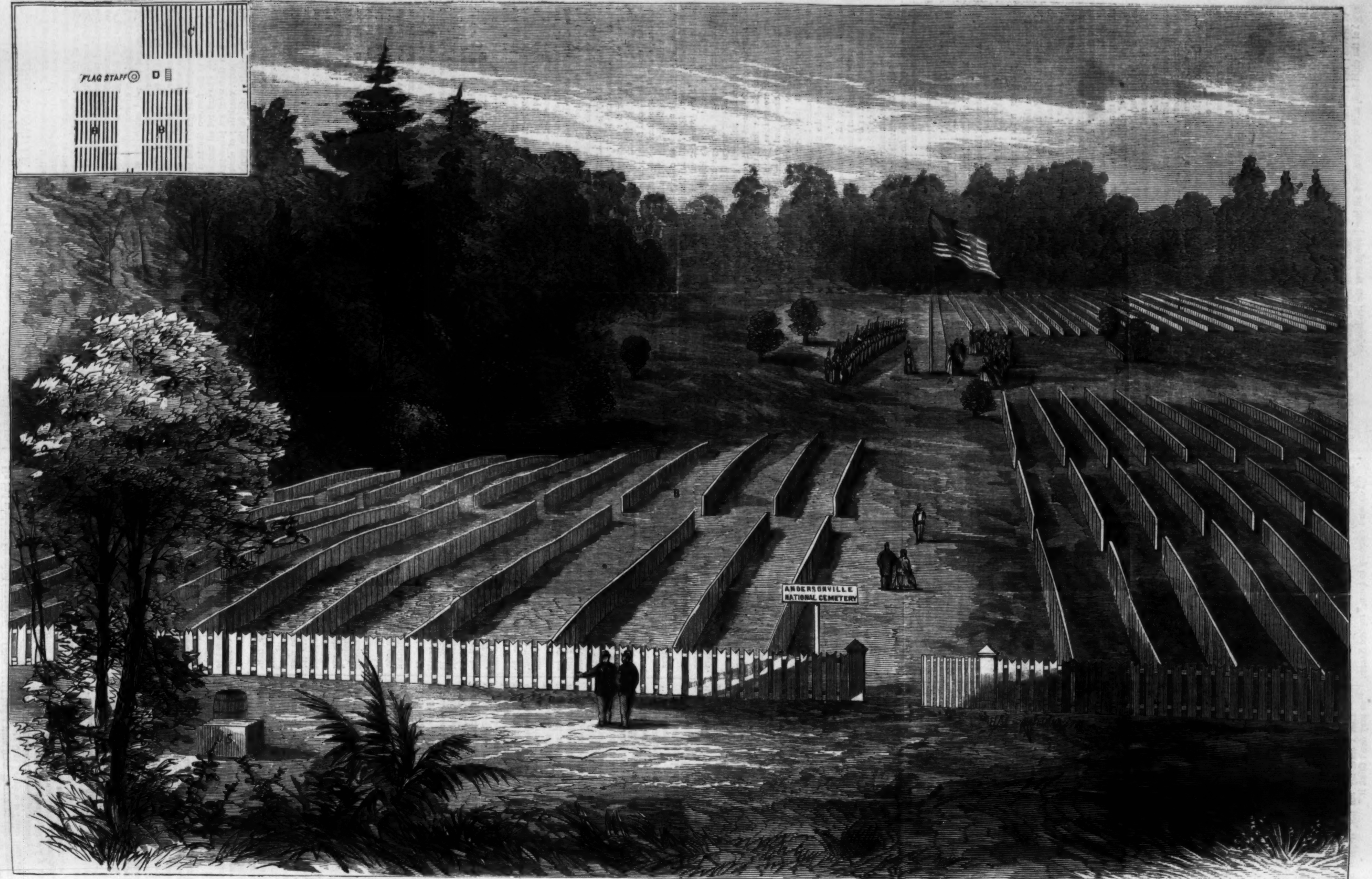
* An invariable grammatical error of the East Tennesseans.

* An unoccupied out-building on a farm.



THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, AT THE ARMORY OF THE 22D REGIMENT, IN FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 630.]


FLAG STAFF
D
B
B
C
ANDERSONVILLE
NATIONAL CEMETERY

A. Miss Clara Barton raising the National Flag, August 17, 1865.—B. Rows containing from 100 to 150 head-boards each.—C. Rows containing 300 head-boards each.—D. Graves of 6 men hung in the prison.

GROUNDS AT ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA, WHERE ARE BURIED FOURTEEN THOUSAND UNION SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.—Sketched by I. C. Schotel.—[See Page 634.]

NATIONAL BURIAL-GROUND AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The history of Andersonville is the most sad, and at the same time the most disparaging to our confidence in man's humanity to man, of all the episodes of the late war. That history has now become monumental. The graves of the soldiers starved and poisoned and brutally murdered there are not scattered about over the innocent hill-sides of our land, but are dug under the sod that drank their blood and bore witness to the cruelty of Wirz, Winder, and the rebel authorities at Richmond, who kept these demons at their posts.

On the 24th of August James M. Moore, Assistant-Quarter-master, and his party, returned from Andersonville, where they had been engaged for a month in identifying the graves and giving honored sepulture to the fourteen thousand victims of rebel barbarity, who suffered all manner of torture and death in that notorious prison-pen. Captain Moore and party, consisting of clerks, painters, letterers, carpenters, etc., to the number of forty-two, including Miss Clara Barton, who first suggested the possibility of accomplishing this noble work, left for the South July 8. At Macon General Wilson, who took a deep interest in Captain Moore's work, detailed a small force to assist him, and on the 26th of July the party began their labors. The dead were found buried in trenches on a site selected by the rebels about 300 yards from the stockade. The trenches were from three to four feet deep, and in a clayey soil. It is rather remarkable that it is the only clay soil in all that vicinity, and it is therefore inferred that the rebels selected it to prevent the exhumation of bodies by the action of the elements, thereby adding to the effluvia from the vicinity, of which the people for miles around in that section loudly complained.

By means of a stake at the head of each grave, which bore a number corresponding with a similar numbered name upon the Andersonville Hospital records, most fortunately captured by General Wilson last spring, Captain Moore rejoices to say that he was enabled to identify, mark, and honor the graves of thirteen thousand of the dead. To all but five hundred of those buried in that vast cemetery a neat tablet, about two feet high, painted white, and lettered in black, with the number, name, company, and regiment of each, was placed at the head of each grave.

Nearly eighty thousand feet of pine lumber were used in these tablets alone. The cemetery has been divided by one main avenue running through the centre, and subdivided into blocks and sections in such a manner that with the aid of the numbers a visitor can go to any particular grave without difficulty. A force of men is now engaged in laying out walks, clearing the cemetery of stumps, stones, etc., and will this fall beautify by setting out trees, etc. A neat board fence incloses the entire area, about fifty acres, and a flag-staff in the centre, with colors at half-mast, marks the honored "city of the dead." In a circle on a large board over the gate are the words, "National Cemetery, Andersonville." In the grounds at various places Captain Moore caused appropriate inscriptions to be placed, and endeavored, so far as his facilities would permit, to do whatever was possible to transform the wild, unmarked, unhonored grave-yard into a fit place of entombment for the nation's gallant dead. Captain Moore found the prison-pen in a perfect state of preservation, just as the rebels left it, buildings, stockade, and ground huts, and the veritable dead-line as palpable as ever. That the controversy about the existence of this line may be settled, that officer brought a piece of it away with him. One of the first things General Wilson did after the capture of Macon was to send a force to Andersonville, take possession of, and preserve every thing about the place. Nothing had been destroyed, and as our exhausted, emaciated, and enfeebled soldiers left it, so it stands today, a monument to an inhumanity unparalleled in the annals of war. Andersonville itself consists of but one solitary house aside from the buildings erected by the rebels for their use.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER LII.

HELEN RIVIÈRE.

Born and bred on the top floor of a gloomy old house in a still gloomier by-street of Florence, Helen Rivière had spent her childhood in a solitude almost as far removed from the busy press and shock of ordinary life as if she had been reared in a Highland bothy, half-way between the earth and sky. All the circumstances of her home and her home-life were exceptional. She had known none of the companionship and few of the joys of childhood. No rambles in green fields and purple vineyards, no pleasant rivalry of school-class and play-ground, no early friendships, with their innocent joys and sorrows, had ever been hers. Her mother was her one playmate, instructor, and friend. The flat house-top, with its open loggia, its tubs of orange-trees and myrtles, and its boxes of nasturtiums and mignonnette, was her only play-ground. From thence she saw the burning sunsets and the violet hills; from thence looked down on dome and campanile, crowded street, and medieval palace. This birds-eye view of the rare old city, with such echoes of its life as found their way to her upper world, was almost all that Helen knew of Florence. Now and then, at very distant intervals, she had been led down into that busy lower world, to wander for a few hours through streets and piazzas, stately with fountains and statues, or galleries so radiant with Madonnas and angels that they seemed like the vestibules of heaven; but this was very seldom.

Yet the child had, as it were, breathed all her life in an atmosphere of art. She could not remember the time when its phraseology and appliances were other than familiar to her. Her father's dimly lighted studio, redolent of oil and varnish, and littered with canvases and casts; her father himself, in his smeared blouse and velvet cap, painting his unsalable nymphs and dryads year after year with unabated enthusiasm; the lay figure in its folds of dusty drapery; the shabby studenti with their long hair and professional jargon, who used to drop in at twilight to smoke their cheap cigars upon the terraced roof, and declaim about art and liberty; the habit of observation insensibly acquired, and her own natural delight in form and color, all combined to mould her inclinations and train her taste from earliest infancy. As a little child she used to scrawl in pencil till her father taught her the rudiments of drawing. By-and-by, as she grew older and more skillful, she learned to color prints and photographs for sale, and, some few months before her father died, had begun to study the art of enamel painting.

Isolated thus in the heart of an ancient city; looking down upon the alien throng in street and market-place; watching the golden sunlight fade and change on Giotto's bell-tower and Brunellesco's rusty dome; listening to the clang of bells at matins and even-song, and catching now and then faint echoes of chanted hymn or military march; growing daily more and more familiar with the glories of Italian skies; reading few books, seeing few faces, and ignorant of life and the world as a cloistered nun, this young girl spent the first years of her solitary youth. And they were very happy years, although—nay, perhaps *because*—they were so solitary. Having few ties, few tastes, few occupations, her character became more intense, her aims more concentrated than those of most very young women. She loved her mother with a passionate devotion that knew no limit to obedience and tenderness. She reverenced and admired her father with so blind a faith in his genius that, despite her better knowledge, she believed even in the nymphs and dryads with all her tender heart. If her reading had been circumscribed it had at least been thorough. Shakspeare and Milton, Dante and the Bible made the best part of her library; but she had read and re-read these books, thought about them for herself, treasured up long passages from them in her memory, and gathered from their pages more poetry, wisdom, and knowledge than ever came off the shelves of a modern circulating library. Nor were these the only advantages of her secluded life. Never having known wealth, she was poor without being conscious of poverty—just as she was innocent, because she had seen no evil—just as she was happy, because she coveted no blessings which were not already hers.

But at length there came a time when this simple home was to be made desolate. The unsuccessful painter fell ill and died, leaving his wife to the cold charity of Lady Castletowers. In an evil hour she traveled home to England, thinking so to conciliate her haughty sister and serve her child. But Lady Castletowers declined to see her; and the bitter English winter smote upon her delicate lungs and brought her to the verge of the grave; and for this it was that Helen Rivière went down to Castletowers, and prayed her haughty aunt for such trifling succor as should take them back in time to the sweet south.

Just at this crisis, like a prince in a fairy tale, Mr. Trefalden made his appearance in their dreary London lodging, bringing with him hope and liberty, and his cousin Saxon's gold. If his story were not true, if he had never known Edgar Rivière in his life, if he despised the pictures he affected to praise, how were they to detect it? Enlightened connoisseur, munificent patron, disinterested friend that he was, how should the widow and orphan suspect that he purchased his claim to those titles with another man's money?

CHAPTER LIII.

SAXON CONQUESTOR.

Saxon Trefalden, writing letters as he sat by the open window in his pleasant bedroom at Castletowers, laid his pen aside and looked out wistfully at the sky and the trees. The view over the park from this point was not extensive, but it was green and sunny; and as the soft air came and went, bringing with it a faint perfume of distant hay, the young man thought of his pastoral home in the old Etruscan Canton far away.

He knew, as well as if he were gazing upon them from that tiny shelf of orchard ground at Rotzberg, how the gray, battlemented ridge of the Ringel was standing out against the deep blue sky; how tenderly the shadows lay in the unmelted snow-drifts in the hollows of the Galanda; and how the white slopes of the far-off Julier Alps were glittering in the sun. He knew, as well as if he were listening to them, how the goat-bells were making pleasant music to the brawling of the Hinter Rhine below; and how the pines were falling every now and then with a sullen crash, beneath the measured blows of the woodman's axe. And then he sighed and went back to his task.

A pile of hastily scribbled notes to London acquaintances and tradesmen lay on one side, ready for the post-bag; and he was now writing a long letter to his uncle Martin—a long, long letter, full of news, and bright projects, and written in Saxon's clearest and closest hand. Long as it was, however, it was not finished, and would not be finished till the morrow. He had something yet to add to it; and that something, although it could not be added now, was perplexing him not a little as he sat, pen in hand, looking out absently at the shadows that swept over the landscape.

He had made up his mind to propose to Olimpia Colonna.

He had told himself over and over again that the man who aspired to her hand should be a prince, a hero, a soldier, an ardent patriot, at the least; and yet, modest as he was of his own merit, he could no longer doubt that his proposal would be accepted whenever he should have the courage to make it. Lady Castletowers, who had shown a great deal of condescending interest in him of late, had dropped more than one flattering hint with the view of urging him forward in his suit. Colonna's bearing toward him, ever since the day when he had given in his subscription, had been almost significantly cordial; and Olimpia's smiles were lavish of encouragement. Already he had been more than once on the brink of an avowal; and now, as the last week of his visit was drawing to a close, and his letter to Switzerland awaited dispatch, he had fairly reviewed his position and come to the conclusion that he would make Miss Colonna a formal offer of his hand in the course of that same day.

"If she really doesn't love me," said he, half-aloud, as he sat biting the end of his pen and staring down at the unfinished page, "she'll say so, and there will be an end of it. If she *does* love me—and, somehow, I can not believe it!—why, although she is a million times too good, and too beautiful, and too high-born for an uncivilized mountaineer such as I, I will do my best, with God's help, to be worthy of her choice."

And then he thought of all the intoxicating looks and smiles with which Olimpia had received his awkward homage; and the more he considered these things the more clearly he saw, and marveled at, the distinction that had befallen him.

And yet he was by no means beside himself with happiness—perhaps, because, if the truth must be confessed, he was not very deeply in love. He admired Olimpia Colonna intensely. He thought her the most beautiful and high-minded woman under heaven; but, after all, he did not feel for her that profound, and tender, and passionate sympathy which had been the dream of his boyhood. Even now, when most completely under the spell of her influence, he was vaguely conscious of this want. Even now, in the very moment of anticipated triumph, when his heart beat high at the thought of winning her, he found himself wondering whether he should be able to make her happy—whether she would love his uncle Martin—whether she would always be quite as much absorbed in Italian politics and Italian liberty?

When he had arrived at this point he was interrupted by a tap at the door, and a voice outside asking if there was "any admission?"

"Always for you," replied Saxon; whereupon the Earl opened the door and came in.

"There!" said he, "you're writing letters, and don't want me."

"On the contrary, I have written all that are to be posted to-day, and am glad to be interrupted. There's the rocking chair at your service."

"Thanks. May I take a cigar?"

"Twenty, if you will. And now, what news since breakfast?"

"A good deal, I suspect," replied the Earl, moodily. "Montecuculi's here."

"Who is Montecuculi?"

"One of our Central Committee men—an excellent fellow; descended from the Montecuculis of Ferrara. One of his ancestors poisoned a Dauphin of France, and was torn to pieces for it by four horses, ever so many centuries ago."

"He did no such thing," said Saxon. "The Dauphin died of inflammation brought on by his own imprudence; and Montecuculi was barbarously murdered. It was always so in those hateful Middle Ages. When a prince died his physicians invariably proclaimed that he was poisoned; and then some wretched victim was sure to be broken on the wheel or torn to pieces."

"The physicians did it to excuse their want of skill, I suppose," remarked the Earl.

"Or else because princes were too august to catch colds and fevers, like other men."

"There spoke the republican."

"But where is this Montecuculi?"

"Shut up with Signor Colonna, in his den. He brings important news from the seat of war; but at present I only know that Garibaldi has achieved some brilliant success, and that our guests are leaving us in all haste."

"What, the Colonnas?"

"Yes, the Colonnas."

"But not to-day?"

"This evening, immediately after dinner."

Saxon's countenance fell.

"That is quick work," said he. "Where are they going?"

"To London."

"Is any thing the matter?"

"Nothing—except that a Genoese deputy is hourly expected, and our friends are summoned to meet him."

"Then they will come back to you again?"

"Not a chance of it. The present is an important crisis, and we have a whole round of special committees and public meetings coming on in London and elsewhere. No; we shall not see them down again at Castletowers this year. They will have more than enough of active work on hand for the next week or two; and then, no doubt, they will be off to Italy."

Saxon was silent. Having once resolved on a course of action, it was not in him to be turned aside by small obstacles; and he was now thinking how, in the midst of all this hurry and departure, he should obtain his interview with Miss Colonna.

"This place will be as lively as a theatre by daylight when you are all gone," observed the Earl, presently.

"You must come up to town," replied Saxon. "I had a note from Burgoyne this morning, in which he says that London is fuller than ever."

Lord Castletowers shook his head.

"I shall run up occasionally for a few hours at a time," said he, "while these meetings are being held; but I shall not be able to make any stay."

"Why not?"

"Because I can not afford it."

"Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I am a poor man, my dear fellow—which fact I believe you have heard me state before—and although I look upon a good London hotel as the first stage on the road to Paradise, and upon a fortnight in town during the best of the season as pure beatitude, I can seldom afford to indulge my taste for either."

"But I should have thought, with a place like this—"

"That's just what it is!" replied the Earl, knocking off the ash from his cigar, and rocking himself dismally to and fro. "It's a dear old place, and I wouldn't exchange it for Aladdin's palace of jewels; but it costs me every farthing of my income merely to live in it. I was left, you see, with an encumbered estate; and, in order to clear it, I was obliged to sell three of the best little farms in the county. I even sold a slice of the old park, and that was the greatest sorrow of my life."

"I can well believe it," said Saxon.

"Consequently, I am now obliged to do the best I can with a large house and a small income."

"Still you have cleared off the encumbrances?"

The Earl nodded.

"All of them?"

"Yes, thank Heaven! all."

Saxon drew his chair a little nearer, and looked his friend earnestly in the face.

"Pray don't think me impertinent," said he; "but—but I've seen you looking anxious at times—and somehow I have fancied— Would you mind telling me, Castletowers, if you have really any trouble on your mind? Any outstanding claim, for instance, that—that—"

"That a generous fellow like yourself could help me to meet? No, Trefalden—not one. I thank you heartily for your kind thought, but I owe no man a penny."

Saxon drew a deep breath of satisfaction. He would scarcely have liked to confess, even to himself, with how keen a sense of relief he found his cousin's statement corroborated.

"I rejoice to hear it," he replied. "And now, Castletowers, you must promise that you will go up with me the day after to-morrow, and make my rooms your hotel. I have three there in St. James's Street, and I can have a couple more if I like; and you don't know how lonely I feel in them."

"You are good-nature itself," said the Earl; "but indeed—"

"It's not good-nature—it's pure selfishness. I like London. I am intensely interested in its multitudinous life and intellectual activity; but it is a terrible place to live in all alone. If, however, I had a couple of rooms which I might call your rooms, and which I knew you would occupy whenever you were in town, the place would seem more like home to me."

"But, my dear fellow—"

"One moment, please! I know, of course, that it is, in one sense, a monstrous presumption on my part to ask you to do this. You are an English peer, and I am a Swiss peasant; but then you have received me here as your guest, and treated me as if I were your equal—"

"Trefalden, hear me," interrupted the Earl, vehemently. "You know my political creed—you know that, setting friendship, virtne, education aside, I hold all men to be literally and absolutely equal under heaven?"

"Yes, as an abstract principle—"

"Precisely so—as an abstract principle. But abstract and concrete are two very different things; and permit me to tell you that I have the honor and happiness of knowing two men who, so far as I am competent to judge myself and them, are as immeasurably superior to me in all that constitutes true nobility, as if there were no such principle as equality under the sun. And those two men are Giulio Colonna and Saxon Trefalden."

Saxon laughed and colored up.

"What reply can I make to such a magnificent compliment?" said he.

"Beg my pardon, I should think, for the speech that provoked it."

"But do you really mean it?"

"Every word of it."

"Then I will go up to town a day sooner, and prepare your rooms at once. If that's your opinion of me, you can't refuse to grant the first favor I have ever asked at your hands."

The Earl smiled and shook his head.

"We will talk of that by-and-by," he said. "If I have not acceded at once, it is through no want of confidence in your friendship."

"I should look upon it as a strong proof of yours," said Saxon.

"I came to your room to-day, Trefalden, to give you a much stronger proof of it," replied the Earl, gravely.

The words were simple enough, but something in the tone in which they were uttered arrested Saxon's attention.

"You may be sure that I shall value it, whatever it may be," said he; and waited for Lord Castletowers to proceed.

But the Earl was, apparently, in no haste to do so. Swaying idly to and fro, and watching the light smoke of his cigar, he remained for some moments silent, as if hesitating how and where to begin. At length he said:

"I do believe, Trefalden, that you are the best fellow breathing."

"That I certainly am not," replied Saxon; "so pray don't think it."

"But I do think it; and it's just because I think it that I am here now. I want to tell you something."

Saxon bent his head, and listened.

"Something which I have been keeping to myself for years, because—well, because I have never had a friend to whom I could confide it—I mean a really intimate friend whom I could trust, as I know I may trust you."

"Thank you," said Saxon, simply.

"I have felt the want of such a one, bitterly," continued the Earl. "It's hard to be forever brooding over one idea, without being able to seek sympathy or counsel."

"I should think it must be," replied Saxon; "but I've never had a secret of my own."

"Then, my dear fellow," said the Earl, throwing away the end of his cigar with a very gloomy look, "you have never been in love."

Saxon made no reply. He had fully anticipated some confidence on the subject of money, and his friend's rejoinder took him by surprise.

Had he been asked, he could not have told why it was so; but the surprise, somehow, was not a pleasant one.

"The truth is, Trefalden," said the Earl, "I am a very unlucky, and a very miserable fellow. I love a woman whom I have no hope of marrying."

"How is that?"

"Because I am poor, and she has nothing—because I could not bear to act in opposition to my mother's wishes—because—in short, because the woman I love is Olimpia Colonna."

Saxon's heart gave one throb—just one—as Castletowers spoke the name; and then his breath seemed to come short, and he was afraid to speak, lest his voice should be unsteady.

"Had you guessed my secret?" asked the Earl.

Saxon shook his head.

"I feel sure my mother has guessed it, long since; but she has entire confidence in my honor, and has never breathed a syllable to me on the subject. All her hope is that I may repair our shattered fortunes by a wealthy marriage. Proud as she is—and my mother is a very proud woman, Trefalden—she would rather see me marry that rich Miss Hatherton, whose father was a common miner, than Olimpia Colonna with her eight hundred years of glorious ancestry!"

"Eight hundred years!" repeated Saxon, mechanically.

"It is one of the noblest families in Europe," continued the Earl. "The Colonnas were sovereign Dukes and Princes when the Pierrepoints were Norman Counts, and the Wynneclyffes simple Esquires. They have given many Cardinals to Rome, and one Pope. They have repeatedly held the rank of Viceroys of Naples, Sicily, and Arragon; and they have numbered among them some of the greatest generals and noblest scholars of the Middle Ages. I tell you, Trefalden, it is incomprehensible to me how my mother, who attaches such profound importance to birth, should weigh gold against blood in such a question as this!"

He paused, beating the floor with his foot, and too much absorbed in his own story to pay much heed to his listener.

"But then, you see," he continued presently, "money is not the only obstacle. The man who marries Olimpia Colonna must go heart and soul, hand and fortune, into the Italian cause. I would do it, willingly. I would melt my last ounce of plate, cut down my last timber, mortgage the roof over my head, if I had only myself to consider. But how is it possible? I can not reduce my mother to beggary."

"Of course not."

And then there was another pause. At length the Earl looked up suddenly, and said:

"Well now, Trefalden, what is your advice?"

"Advice!" stammered Saxon. "You ask me for advice!"

"Undoubtedly."

"But how can I advise you?"

"Simply by telling me what you think I ought to do. Should I, for instance, talk it over with my mother or speak to Colonna first? He is her oldest friend, and his opinion has great weight with her. There lies my chief hope. If he were with me I do not think she would persist in any lengthened opposition. Besides, I would do any thing to make up for Olimpia's want of fortune. I know I could work my way in Parliament, if I chose to read up facts and study home questions. Or I would cultivate my influential friends, and try to get some foreign diplomatic appointment. In short, give me but the motive, and I will do any thing!"

"But these are matters of which I know nothing," said Saxon.

"I am not asking you how I shall push my way in the future, my dear fellow," replied the Earl, eagerly; "but how you think I ought to act in the present. What would you do yourself if you were in my position?"

Saxon, sitting a little away from the light, with his elbow resting on the table and his head supported by his hand, looked down thoughtfully, and hesitated before replying. His friend had given him a hard problem to solve—a bitter task to perform.

"Are you sure that you love her?" he said presently, speaking somewhat slowly.

"As sure as that yonder sun is now shining in the heavens! Why, Trefalden, she was the ideal of my boyhood; and for the last four years, since she has been staying with us so often, and for so many months at a time, I have loved her with the deepest love that man can give to woman."

"And do you think that—that she loves you?"

Do what he would, Saxon could not quite keep down the tremor in his voice as he asked this question; but the Earl was too intensely preoccupied to observe it.

"A year ago—nay, three months ago," said he, "I was certain of it. Latterly, I can not tell why, there has been a constraint—a coldness—as if she were trying to crush out the feeling from her own heart, and the hope from mine. And yet, somehow, I feel as if the change went no deeper than the surface."

"You believe, in short, that Miss Colonna loves you still?"

"By Heaven, Trefalden, I do!" replied the Earl, passionately.

"You have not asked her?"

"Certainly not. She was my guest."

Saxon covered his eyes for a moment with his hand, as if in profound thought. It was an eventful moment—a cruel moment—the first moment of acute suffering that he had ever known. No one but himself ever knew how sharp a fight he fought while it lasted—a fight from which he came out wounded and bleeding, but a conqueror. When he lifted up his face, it was pale to the very lips, but steady and resolved.

"Then, Castletowers," he said—and his voice had no faltering in it—"I will tell you what I would do if—if I were in your place. I would learn the truth from her own lips, first of all."

"But my mother—"

"Lady Castletowers will acquiesce when she knows that your happiness is involved. It is but a question of fortune after all."

The Earl sprang to his feet and began pacing to and fro.

"It is welcome counsel," said he. "If I only dared—if I were but sure—and yet, is it not better to know the worst at once?"

"Far better," replied Saxon, drearily.

Lord Castletowers went over to the window, and leaned out into the sunshine.

"Why should I not?" he mused, half aloud. "If I fail I shall be no poorer than I am now—except in hope. Except in hope! But if I succeed—Ah! if I succeed!"

His face grew radiant at the thought.

"Yes, Trefalden," he exclaimed, "you are right. Why set myself to overcome so many obstacles if, when all is done, I am to find that I have had my toil for nothing? I *will* ask her. I will ask her this very day—this very hour, if I can find her alone. It will be no breach of hospitality to do so now. Thanks, my dear fellow, thanks a thousand times!"

Saxon shook his head.

"You have nothing to thank me for, Castletowers," he replied.

"For your counsel," said the Earl.

"Which may bring you sorrow, remember."

"Then for your friendship!"

"Well, yes—for my friendship. You have that, if it is worth your thanks."

"Time will show what value I place upon it," replied the Earl. "And now, for the present, adieu. I know you wish me success."

With this he grasped Saxon warmly by the hand, and hurried from the room. When the last echo of his foot had died away on stair and corridor the young man went over to the door, locked it, and sat quietly down, alone with his trouble.

And it was, in truth, no light or imaginary trouble. He saw, clearly enough, that he must accept one of two things—both equally bitter. Either Olimpia Colonna had never loved him, or he had supplanted his friend in her affections. Which was it? His heart told him.

FEMALE TENDERNESS.

I was one of a party of five (it was in the old, palmy days of traveling, long before the railway engine shot me through a tunnel, like a pea out of a pea-shooter), in the inside of a stage-coach, composed of a Jew slop-seller, the captain of a collier, a carcass-butcher, an elderly maiden lady in green spectacles, and your humble servant. We had jogged on some miles, and not one sound had been uttered, except by the cup of the lady's brandy-bottle, which, by-the-by, was very ingeniously shaped like a book—having marked at the back, in large gold letters, "Spiritual Devotion." At first I imagined the lady was of a serious turn, by her frequent application to the volume.

"There's nothing like reading, madam," said I, "to soothe the mind. Rather a thick volume—scarcely get through that in a day, I should think, by the appearance of its contents?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I have gone through its contents twice in a day."

"Then, madam, you must have a tremendous swallow! or perhaps there is a great variety?"

"Not at all, Sir; I never like my reading mixed."

"Of course, madam, you must be fully perfect in the—"

"Perfect, Sir! I always have an extract in my mouth, and can in a moment hit upon the place where I left off."

"Bless me, it appears an octavo size! is it not?"

"No, Sir," said Mr. Sweetbread, the butcher, who began to smoke the deception, "by its size I should think it was a *quart-o*."

"And the edition is London, is it not?"

"No, Sir: *Cork!*"

We kept trundling on quiet enough for some time, until Mr. Sweetbread said he found himself attacked with a headache, and in such cases he always took a pipe; therefore, he trusted it would not be disagreeable if he drew the coach-windows up, that he might not lose the smoke. This was, of course, objected to; and I merely intimated that I was sorry he had the headache, as, being rather low-spirited, I found myself compelled to indulge myself with a tune on the French horn. Mr. Sweetbread, however, lighted his pipe, the lady took another leaf out of her "Spiritual Devotions," and I was preparing to play the horn-part in "Der Freischutz" overture, when suddenly the coach stopped, the coachman left his box, and clambering up to the coach-window, the following conversation ensued:

"I am sorry to stop the coach, ma'am and gentlemen, but you see I know what's what?"

"Oh, ay, you know what civility's worth, coachee."

"I just do, Sir—it's worth a crown from every inside passenger, and three shillings from the out. But I want to ask you a question, ma'am. Pray, how many children have you got?"

"Oh! never talk of having children."

"Well, how many have you, Mr. Israel?"

"Five, perhaps six; for I haven't been at home these eleven months."

"How many have you, Mr. Sweetbread?"

"Seven."

"Any of 'em little, Sir?"

"Yes, werry little, werry little."

"Poor things!"

"But why do you ask all these questions, coachman? and why are all the outside passengers getting into the road?"

"Why, Sir, they are all family people. I'm going to take the horses out; and as for the coach, that's insured. We don't mind waiting here half an hour for the sight."

"For what sight?"

"Why, for the blow up!"

"The blow up! why, what do you mean?"

"Why, don't be frightened, ma'am, but Mr. Sweetbread is smoking upon a *package of gunpowder!*"

"Oh! oh dear! gunpowder! why there's no knowing how we may be blown."

"None at all, ma'am. Most unpolite thing—gunpowder! take you any where; throw you bump up against a skylark, or make you give a black eye to the man in the moon!"

"Oh, Mr. Sweetbread! put it out, put it out. Consider what an indelicate death: for the love of your family, Sir—"

"Pho, pho, you foolish 'oman, it is out, isn't it?"

"There's no knowing, Sir. Really, Sir, a spark may be about you. I think, for the satisfaction of the passengers, you ought, as a gentleman, to roll yourself in that ditch, in case of a spark."

"Well, it's very hard one can't enjoy a pipe!"

"Well, Sir, I am a civil coachman, Sir; I think I can accommodate you in the boot: or, if you like, you may ride upon one of the leaders—that is, if you'll agree to take a chance there of the whip!"

Matters being adjusted, we proceeded on another stage, when another mistake led to more confusion and delay. The coachman was regaling himself with some foaming ale, when he was accosted by an official-looking personage.

"Well, coachee, how are you for room?"

"Vhy, I've only one *inside*."

"Why, the nasty brute, how many would he have?" said the lady with the book.

"Well now, pray do, because I—" Here some whispers passed, from which I learned that a convict was about to be forwarded to the next sea-port. The coachman, however, to do him justice, softened the matter with all possible skill.

"If you please, ma'am and gemmen, I wants to make room here for an *individual*."

"Is he a gentleman, coachman; and has he any pipe?"

"Quite a gentleman, ma'am, and not a morsel of backey about him; and what's more, hasn't a ha'penny to buy a bit."

"Why, who is he—he has not much the cut of a gentleman? where's he bound for?"

"Why, he's going out of the country on the service of government."

"On the service of government!—a scientific man, doubtless? What does he know, chemistry or geology—or is he acquainted with *Botany?*"

"Why, not yet, ma'am—though that's what he's going for. The fact is, ma'am—"

"Now, no nonsense, coachman," says Sweetbread; "is he not a convict?"

"Why, that's what the unfeeling calls 'em; but we as have pity, says unfortunate."

"Pho! pho! why, he has the gallows in his face!"

"Yes, Sir; and now he's worn irons he's got a *Newgate* in his legs!"

"Oh! I can't admit a felon; I shall leave the coach!"

"Lord bless you, ma'am! he isn't a felon—he's only found guilty of burglary."

"Burglary, oh! what, ride with a burglar! I wouldn't for the world. I will leave the coach—I will leave the coach!"

"Don't do that, ma'am—there's no occasion; the poor fellow says, to make himself agreeable, he'll wear handcuffs for the rest of the journey."

"But, burglary! he has committed burglary, Mr. Coachman! I wouldn't ride with him for the world!"

"Burglary! who said burglary? I said *bigamy*—bigamy, ma'am—he's transported for marrying seven wives!"

"Seven wives! Poor fellow! let him come in."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Hobby-Horses.—Is there any one among us who does not keep a hobby-horse?—to whom the pleasure of parading a favorite toy, material or intellectual, is unknown? If there is I should like to see the man, as a curiosity not equaled even by a living specimen of the dodo, or a yearling ichthyosaurus making its first clumsy essays toward amphibious perfection. But I do not believe in him, and will not allow that a being absolutely hobby-horseless exists; that there lives the man or woman whose days pass away without the indulgence of a toy, or the dandling of a doll. No, we may be sure that, whether we confess it or deny it, we all have our particular beast at home, our dapple or our roan, our black, our chestnut, our mouse-color, or our bay, capering somewhere about the establishment, though we all choose different keeping-places, and have idiosyncrasies in the matter of airing-grounds.

Trying to Smuggle a Clock.—An amusing story is told of a lady who tried to smuggle a clock across the Canada border. She gave the clock-seller particular directions to fix the alarm apparatus so that it would not strike; but the Cannuck, being somewhat of a wag, set the alarm to make it strike at the moment he knew the lady would arrive at the Custom-house. The lady fastened the time-piece securely to her hoops and started on her homeward journey. Arriving at the Custom-house, the officer found nothing contraband among her effects, and was passing to the next traveler, when a loud wh-r-r! was heard under the lady's skirts. The strange noise was kept up for the full space of a minute; but to the lady it seemed an hour, and she became tremulous and excited. The Custom-house officer, not daring to lay hands on a woman, "save in the way of kindness," obtained an iron rod, with which he felt around the crinoline for the concealed clock, and finally succeeded in bringing it down.

Mothers.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is when a person talks of his "dear old mother!" Away with your mincing "mammas," and "mam-mas" suggestive only of a fine lady, who deputes her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown! Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin or modestly habited in bombazine.

A Cure for Cholera.—The subjoined letter, from a well-known Boston druggist and apothecary, was first published several years ago in a Boston paper: "Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of Constantinople, saved hundreds of lives by the following simple preparation during the terrible raging of cholera in that city a few years since. In no case did the remedy fail where the patient could be reached in season. It is no less effective in cholera-morbus and ordinary diarrhea. A remedy so easily procured, and so vitally efficacious, should always be at hand. An ordinary vial of it can be had for twenty-five cents, and no family should be without it overnight. The writer of this received the recipe a few days since, and, having been seriously attacked with cholera-morbus the past week, can attest to its almost magical influence in affording relief from excruciating pain. He ardently hopes that every one whose eyes trace these lines will cut this article from the paper, and procure the medicine without delay. Its prompt application will relieve pain, and, presumptively, save life. Take one part laudanum, one part camphorated spirit, two parts tincture of ginger, two parts capsicum. Dose—one tea-spoonful in a wine glass of water. If the case is obstinate, repeat the dose in three or four hours.

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.—The public has often heard of the adroitness of ladies of the demi-monde in drawing money from the male frequenters of the gaming-tables at German watering-places, but few would have ever imagined that the son of a Bavarian butcher, by assuming the crinoline and other accessories of female toilet, could succeed in passing himself off as a Polish beauty of ancient family, and thus trick admiring dupes out of their money. This has, however, just been achieved at Wiesbaden by a butcher's son, who managed to get in a good pecuniary harvest, and, when his deception was at last accidentally discovered, got clear off with his booty.

A **German** professes to have counted the hairs on the heads of four women of different complexions, and has just published the results. On the head of the blonde there were 140,419 hairs; on that of the brown-haired woman, 109,440; on that of the black-haired, 102,962; and on that of the red-haired, 88,740. Although there was this disparity in the number of individual hairs, each crop was about the same weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated, on the same authority, to be 14 ounces.

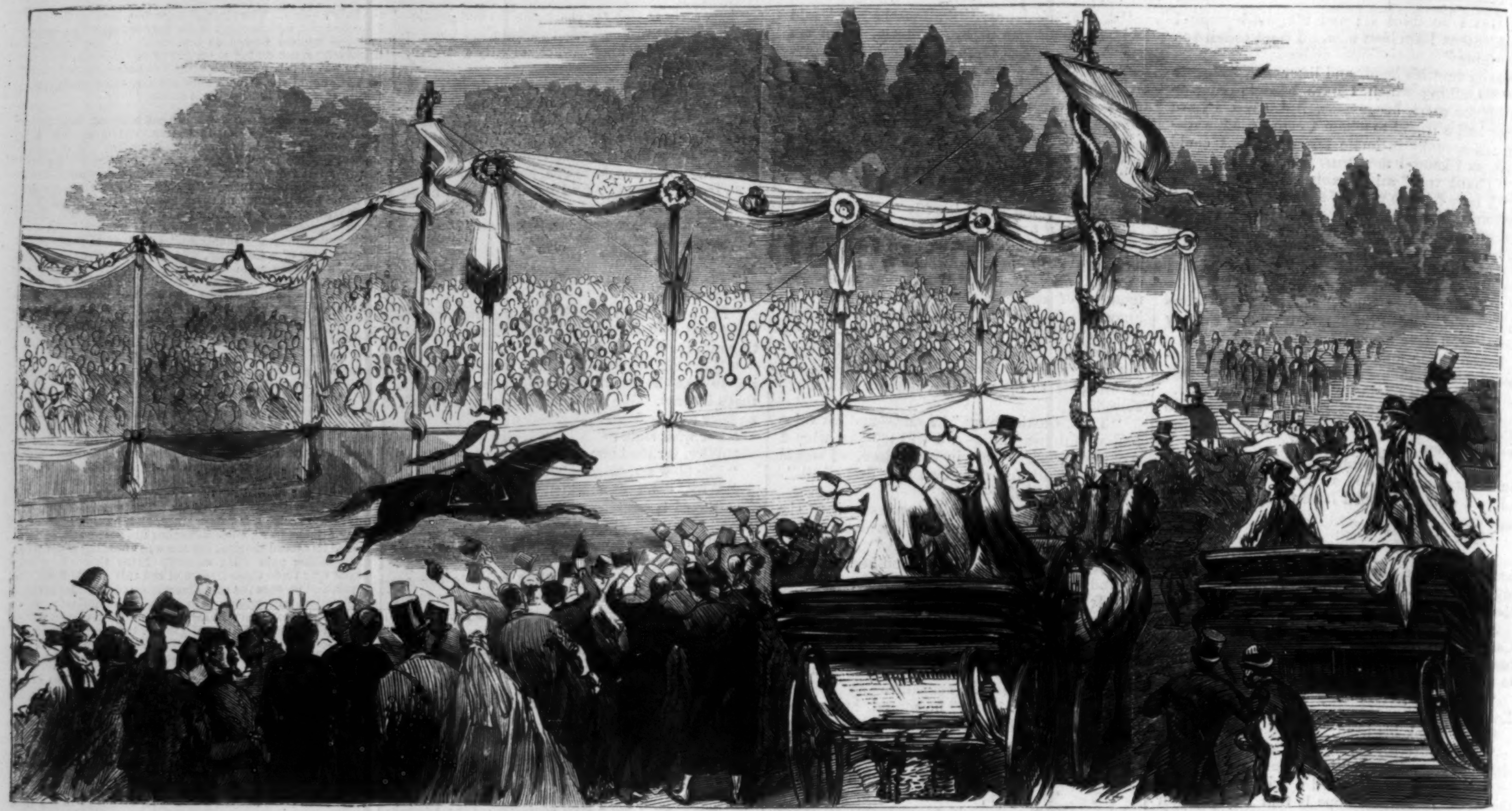
The Charms of Bavarian Beer.—Listen to the conversation of Bavarians—it turns on beer. See to what the thoughts of the exile recur—to the beer of his country. Sit down in a coffee-house or eating-house, and the waiter will bring you beer unordered; and when you have emptied your glass replenish it without a summons. Tell a doctor the climate of Munich does not agree with you, and he will ask if you drink enough beer. Arrive at a place before a steamer or train is due, and you are told you have so long to drink beer. Go to balls, and you find that it replaces Champagne with the rich and dancing with the poor. I once went to a servants' ball and staid there some time; but when I came away dancing had not begun, and all the society were sitting still as ever, drinking beer.

The world once boasted of possessing seven wonders; but a greater than any or all of them is a true Christian. His feelings, enjoyments, aims, and objects are such that he is more than a wonder; he is a mystery which none but those initiated, like himself, in the mysteries of the faith, are able to comprehend. Dying, yes, by nature "dead in trespasses and sins"—he lives; sorrowing, he rejoices; having nothing, he possesses all things; poor, he makes many rich; reversing the common proverb, that "seeing is believing," he believes more firmly in what he does not see than in what he sees; contrary to the ordinary laws of nature, he is more powerfully attracted by distant objects than by near ones; his well, like Israel's of old, is a flinty rock; his bread grows on barren sands; his homeward path is at the beginning through a tumultuous sea, and at the end through a dark, roaring flood. He is confident of wanting nothing, yet depends on the bounty of One who depended for his own bread on others, and had not a place where to lay his head; for his joys he looks to One who was a Man of Sorrows; and expects a crown of glory from Him who wore no crown on earth but a wreath of thorns.

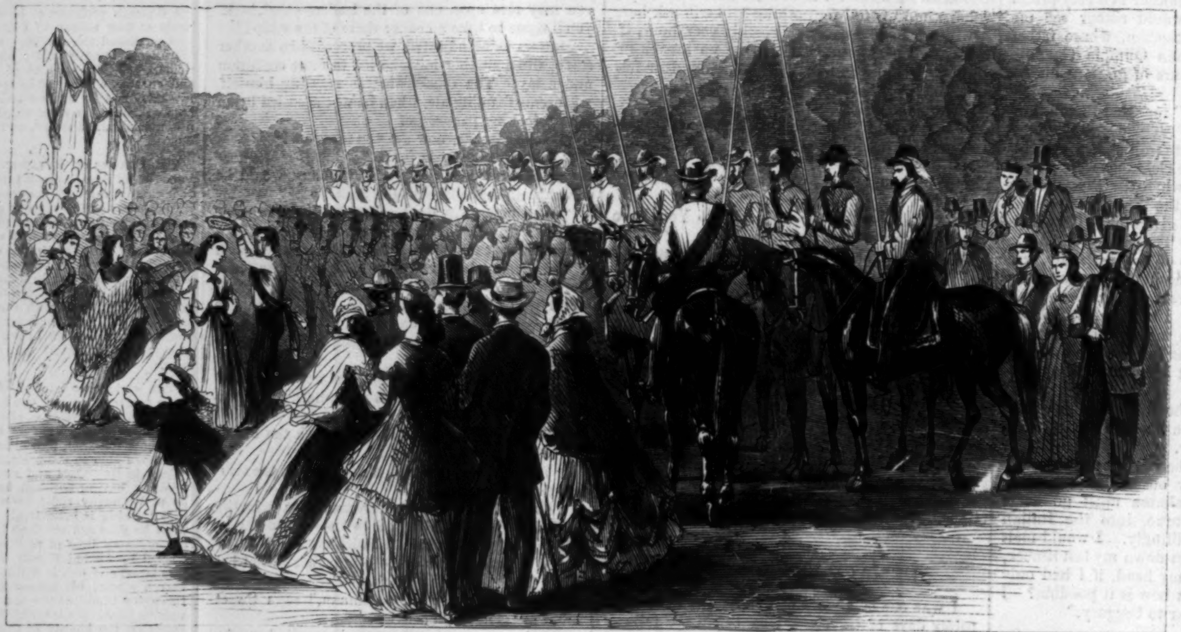
Conjugal Affection.—In one of the western departments of France a man of the name of Le Fort, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought with a sum of money permission to pay him a single visit in his prison. At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself at so critical a juncture to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed upon her husband to put it on and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place. Le Fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the succeeding day. "Unhappy wretch!" cried one of the enraged committee, "what have you done?" "My duty," she replied; "do thine." But instead of beheading her, according to her expectations, the committee were so struck with her heroic reply that they at once restored her to her husband, pardoning both.

The Blood-hounds of the West Indies.—Esquemeling, who wrote a history of the buccaneering expeditions in which he and his lawless comrades engaged, says that he had found in these hiding-places heaps of human remains; and that in his time the island of Hispaniola was infested with large numbers of blood-hounds, which ran wild in the woods. These dogs destroyed enormous quantities of cattle, and so nearly exterminated the race of wild boars "that the hunters of that island had much ado to find any." Monsieur Ogeron, the governor of Tortuga, in 1668, sent to France for a store of poison to destroy them. "Horses were killed and empoisoned, and laid open at certain places where wild dogs used to resort: this being continued for six months there was killed an incredible number; and yet all this could not destroy the race, or scarce diminish them, their numbers appearing almost the same as before." Instinct taught the blood-hounds to hunt in packs. Esquemeling and a French buccaneer of his acquaintance once heard them coming through the woods and took refuge in a tree, whence they looked on while the pack ran into a wild boar and killed him. As soon as the boar was dead the whole pack lay down and waited till the hound who had first gripped the enemy had satisfied his hunger before they presumed to begin their own repast.

A Huge Grape-Vine.—One of the celebrities of Spanish California is a grape-vine now growing at the Montecito, three miles below Santa Barbara, on the road to San Buenaventura. It was planted in 1786. Its trunk is twelve inches in diameter, rising clean fifteen feet from the ground, and the vine is trailed over some eighty feet in circumference. Some years it has borne 6000 bunches of ripe sound grapes, close upon 8000 pounds in weight. In seasons of drought it has been watered from a warm mineral spring in the neighborhood.



TILTING THE RING.

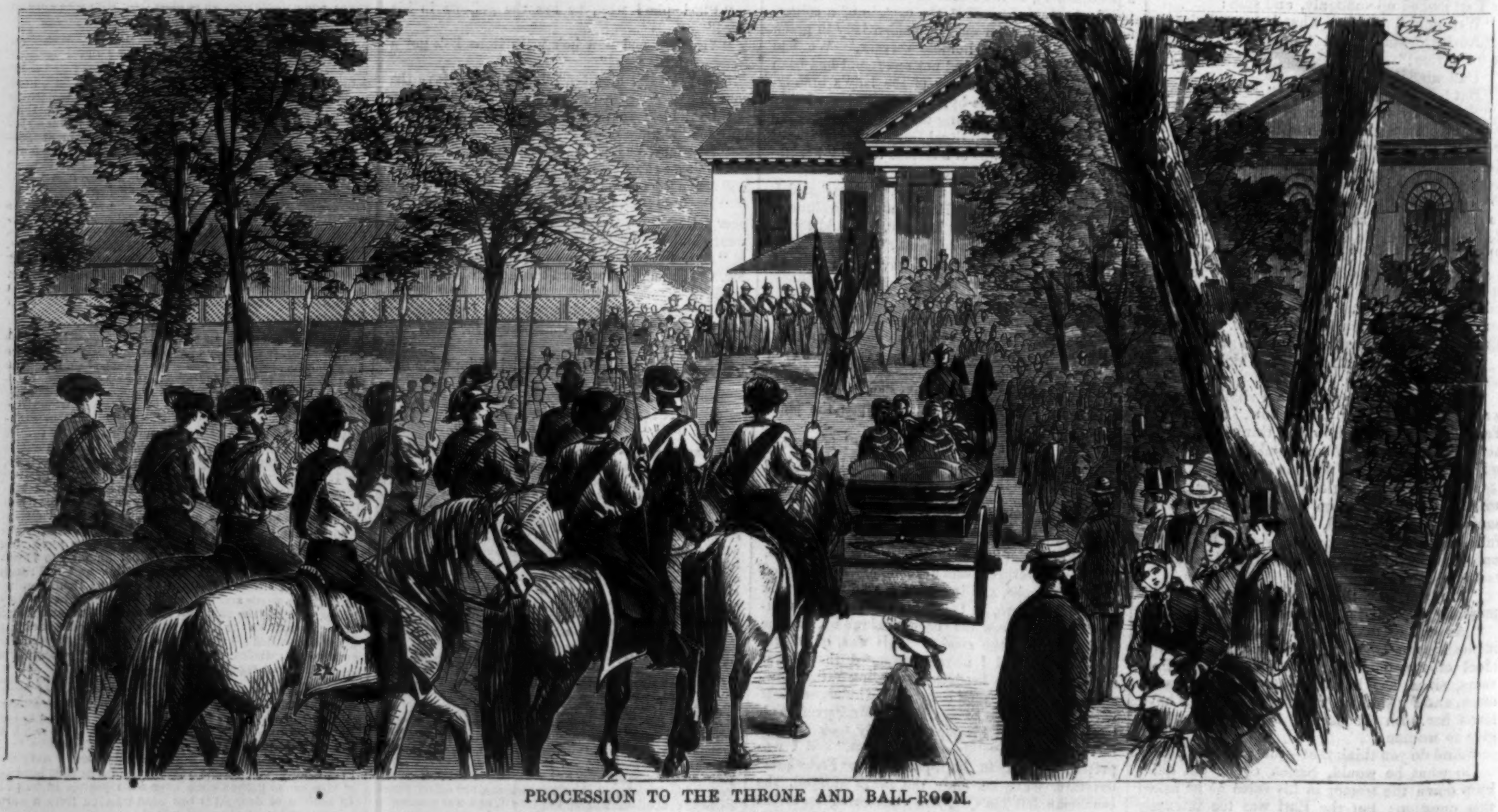


CROWNING THE QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.

A TOURNAMENT ON THE POTOMAC.

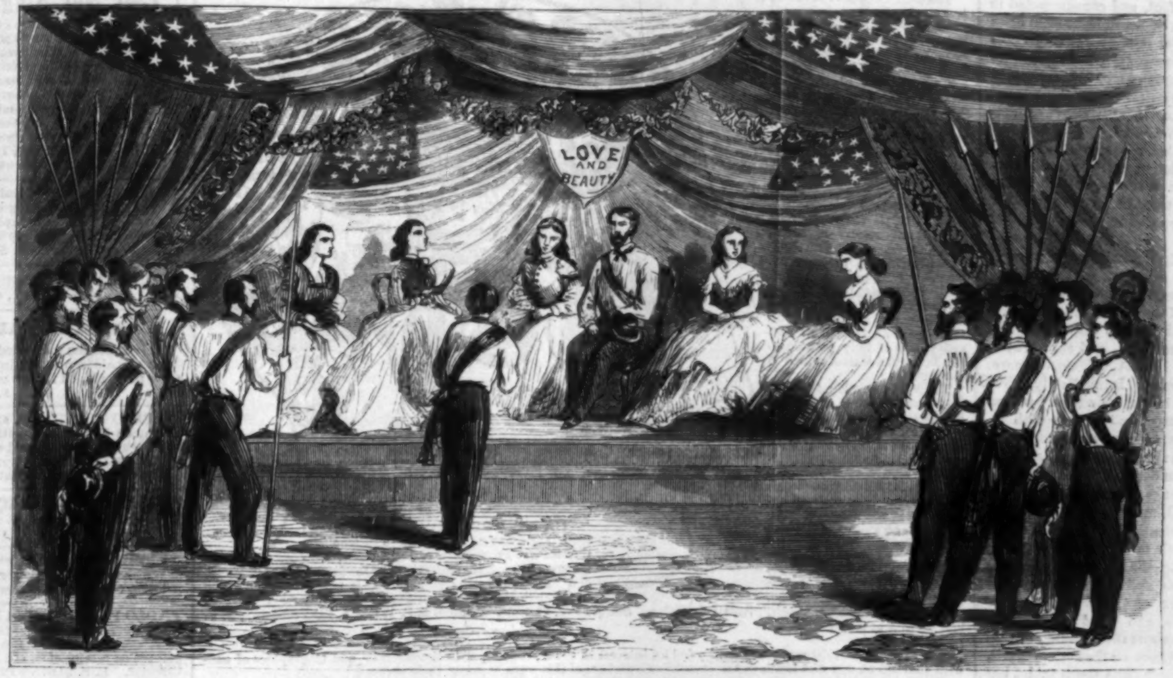
THE game of the Tournament, as practiced in the District of Columbia and State of Virginia, bids fair to become a popular amusement, and may eventually become a national sport. There is a want of some such manly pastime in this country. England has her fox-hunting, and perhaps no exercise is more healthy or better calculated to produce bold, fearless riders, and self-reliant men; but it is objectionable as almost excluding the fair sex, and consequently has a brutalizing tendency. The tournament, unlike fox-hunting, enlists the sympathies of the ladies, who form an essential element in the sport; at the same time all the qualities of the fox-hunter are requisite in the male competitors—a good seat on horseback, a steady hand, a quick eye, and the fearless dash of a cavalry charge, are all necessary to insure success; such an exercise can not but produce much physical benefit to the young men of the nation; and when incited to gallant deeds by the smile of beauty and encouraged by womanly influence, it can never degenerate into a gambling, horse-jockeying, or black-leg institution, as is the case with too many of our turf amusements.

The general mode of procedure at a tournament is as follows: A ring from two to three inches in diameter is suspended on a hook high enough to allow the riders to pass under it, each rider or knight is armed with a long spear, and in his turn tilts the ring at full speed—the speed is 100 yards in five seconds. If he carries off the ring he scores one, if he misses it or is not up to the required speed when he takes it, he does not score. Three tilts or courses in succession is

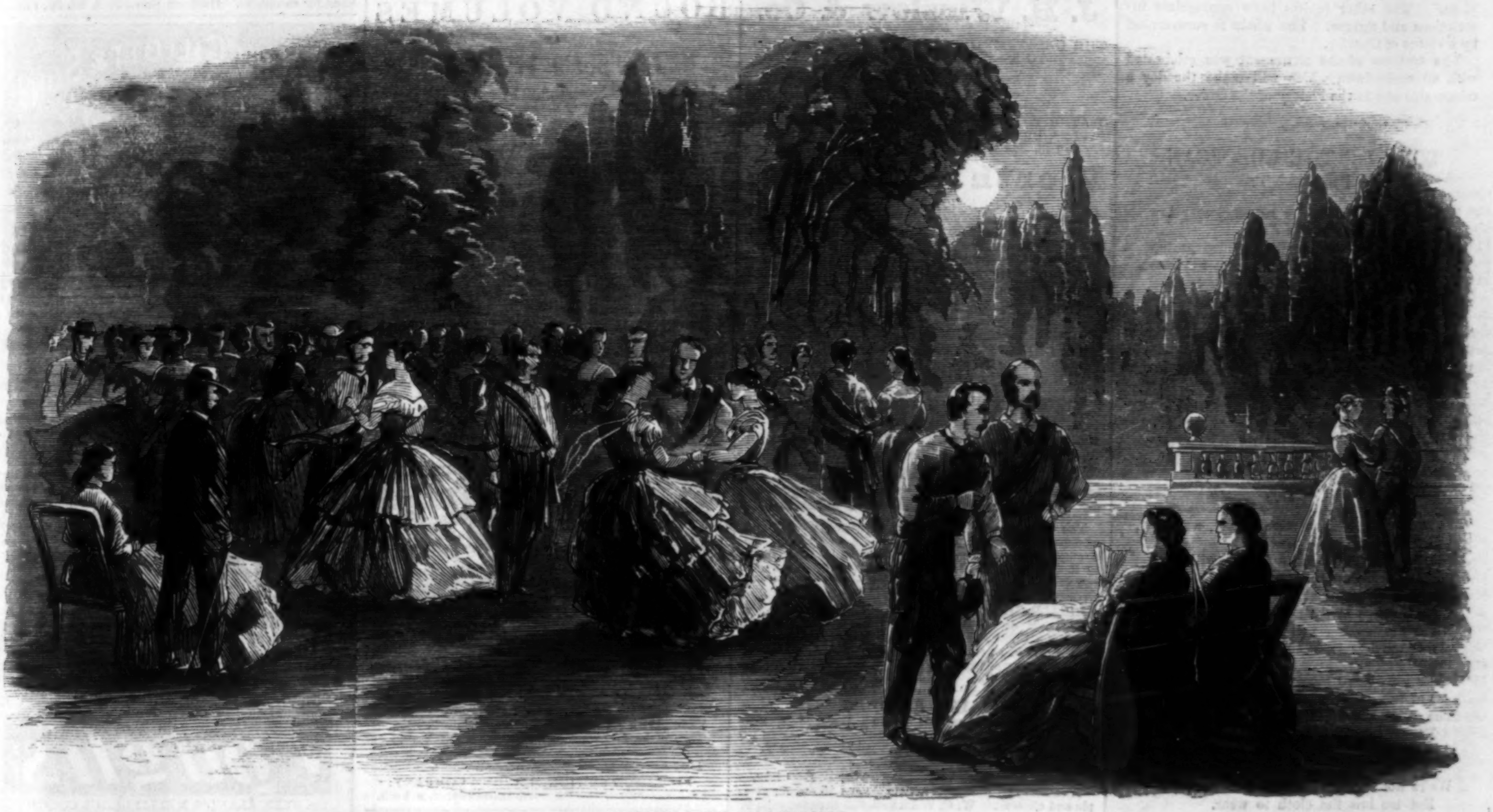


PROCESSION TO THE THRONE AND BALL-ROOM.

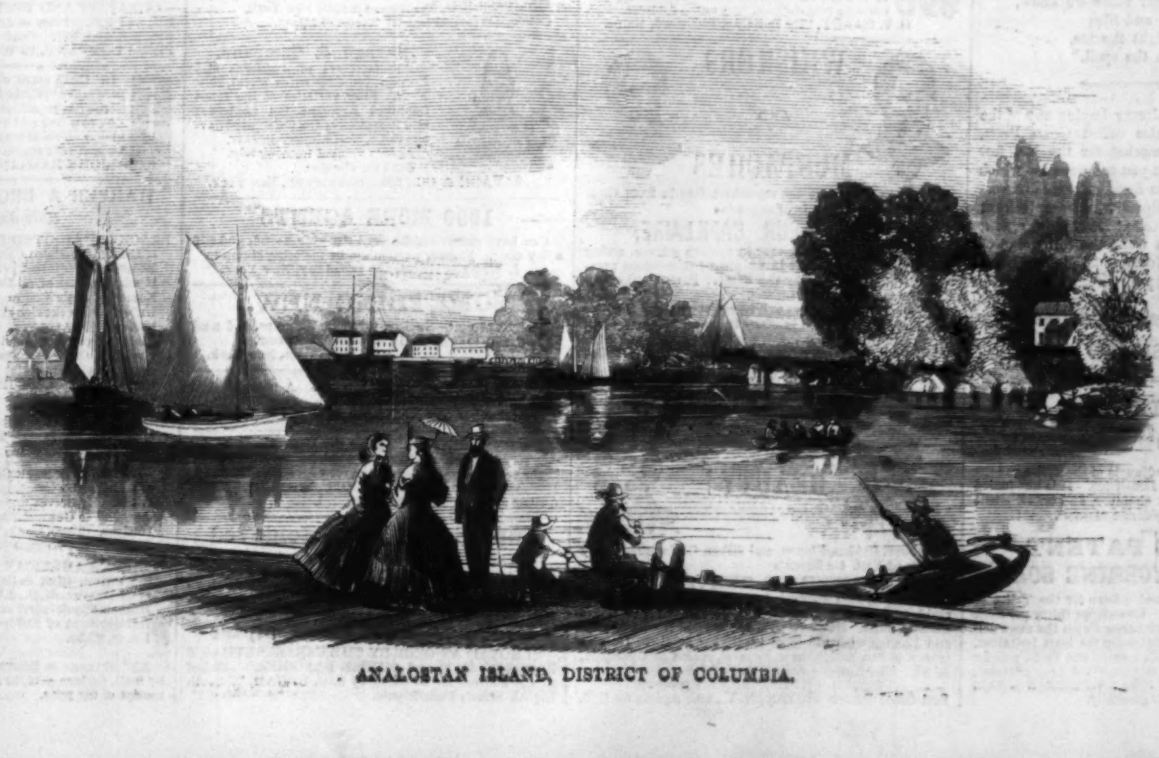
the general number tried, the knight who takes the ring oftenest has the honor of choosing the Queen of Love and Beauty, the next best choosing the maids of honor. After the tilting is completed the knights are drawn up in line in front of the judge's stand, who then names the successful gallants and the honors they are entitled to. They then proceed to the ladies' stand and make choice of the Queen of Love and Beauty and her maids of honor; the whole cavalcade then form in procession, the beauties in a carriage, the gallant knights on horseback, and proceed to the ball-room, where is erected a throne to which the Queen and her maids are conducted, after which the knights under their distinguishing names—such as Knight of Orange, Knight of Columbia, etc., etc. — are presented to the Court of Love and Beauty. This concludes the ceremony, and knights and ladies fair join in the mazy dance.



INTRODUCTION OF KNIGHTS TO THE QUEEN.



DANCING BY MOONLIGHT.



ANALOSTAN ISLAND, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The accompanying illustrations are from sketches by Mr. ANDREW M'CALLUM, taken at a tournament of the Association of Georgetown, District of Columbia, which took place at Analostan Island (formerly Mason's Island) on the River Potomac, and will give a better idea of the merry scene than any description.

THE FOUNDER OF "ODD FELLOWS."

WE give on page 628 a portrait of the late THOMAS WILDEY, the founder of Odd Fellowship in this country, and an illustration of the monument erected to his memory by the members of the Order at Baltimore on September 20, 1865.

THOMAS WILDEY was born in London, on the 15th day of January, 1783, during the reign of GEORGE III., and about the close of the Revolutionary war. At five years of age he was placed at school, where he had but limited opportunity of education, and from which he was withdrawn in his fourteenth year to be apprenticed to a trade, in which he continued until he reached his majority, in the year 1804. He became an Odd Fellow at an early age, being initiated into Lodge No. 17, of the city of London.

He arrived at Baltimore September 2, 1817. His efforts to build up the Order of Odd Fellows in this country met with ill success at first; but April 13, 1829, he succeeded in gathering together at his own house a private meeting, and on the 26th of the same month the purpose was consummated by the institution of Washington Lodge No. 1. Thus was set in motion that organization which is now recognized as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

During the ten years which followed he instituted four lodges in Maryland, organized the Grand Lodge of Maryland, the Grand Lodge of the United States, and originated the Patriarchal Order; he had extended the institution to Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia, in each of which States Grand Lodges had been formed, and out of these Grand Lodges the present Grand Lodge of the United States. In 1829 he entered upon his second official term as Grand Sire of the Order, having already served four years. In 1839, having sacrificed official position, we find him in the same Grand Lodge at Philadelphia, still laboring in the cause to which he seemed to have devoted his life. At this time the Order was eminently successful. It had been introduced into New Jersey and Rhode Island; he was there to give it life and energy. He carried it to Delaware, Ohio, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Virginia, and received in recognition of his services the thanks of the Grand Lodge at its next session.

In 1840 the Grand Lodge of the United States ordered the full-length portrait of Mr. WILDEY, and in 1841 again deputed him upon official business to the East and North. From this period the Grand Lodge of the United States, which had hitherto been for the most part composed of proxy representation, began to consider plans for assembling the State jurisdictions by proper personal representations. In 1842 the measure was set on foot, and consummated in 1843. The effect of this wise act of legislation upon the prosperity of the Order it is almost impossible to value. It assembled representatives in 1843 from twenty States; and in September, 1860, assembled representatives from every State in the Union, not excepting Oregon, and from the District of Columbia and the Territory of Nebraska.

Since that time the Order has gradually, and each year with greater celerity, extended its fellowship and usefulness. Mr. Wildey, though infirm with age and disease, continued an active member until his death, which happened in 1861, put an end to his useful career.

The monument has been located at a very commanding point, being at the apex of the hill on Broadway as it rises from Baltimore Street, in a wide open space, in one of the squares in the centre of the street, with a good view on all sides. The structure is 52 feet 7 inches high, and stands upon a base of rough granite 10 feet 6 inches square. All except the base is marble. Immediately above the base is a solid marble block, facing the cardinal points, and in it has been placed tablets with inscriptions encircled by a wreath. On the north side of the base are the words: "He who realizes that the true mission of man on earth is to rise above the level of individual influence, and to recognize the fatherhood of God over all, and the brotherhood of man, is nature's true nobleman." The rest of the base is plain. The north tablet has the words: "This column, erected by the joint contributions of the lodges, encampments, and individual members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the United States of America, and jurisdictions thereunto belonging, commemorates the founding of that Order in the City of Baltimore on the 25th of April, 1819, by Thomas Wildey." The south tablet has this: "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." The other tablets have appropriate inscriptions and figures. The whole is surmounted by a statue of Charity.

The erection of the monument was celebrated with an enthusiasm which will make the day a memorable one in the history of the Order.

SONG OF THE EUROPEAN PEASANT.

"We plow and sow, we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

"Down, down we go, we're so very, very low,
To the hell of the deep sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of a despot shines.
And whene'er he lacks upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay;
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

"We're low, we're low, mere rabble, we know,
But at our plastic power
The mould at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace, church, and tower,
Then prostrate fall at the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door;
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

"We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
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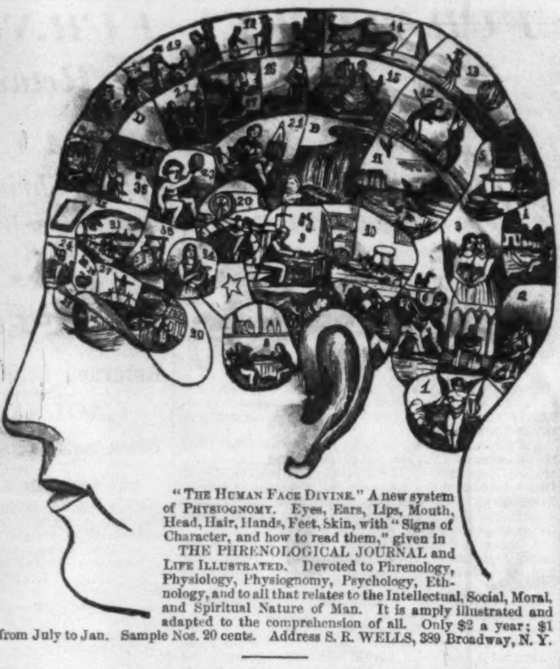

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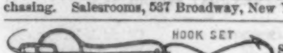

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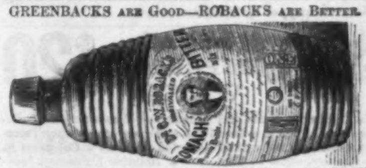

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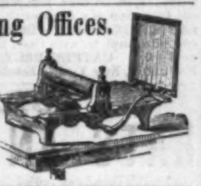

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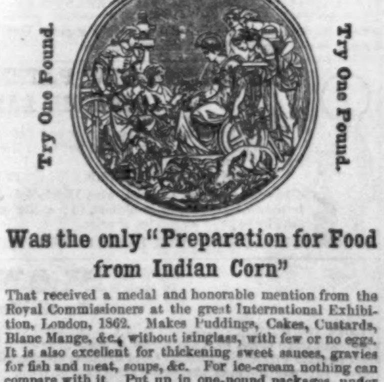
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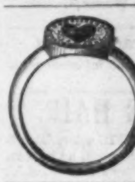

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